A DELL COMIC

DELL

NO. 1

25¢

# Western Roundup

Gene Autry

Roy Rogers

Johnny Mack Brown

Bill Elliott

Rex Allen

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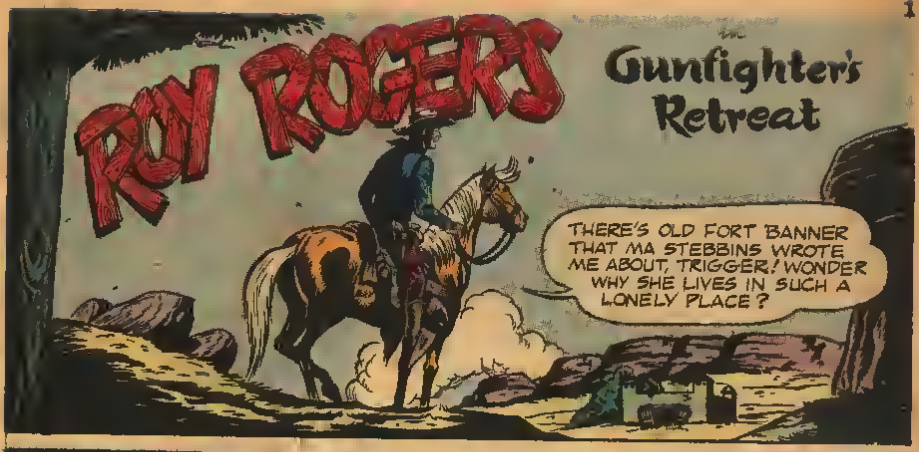
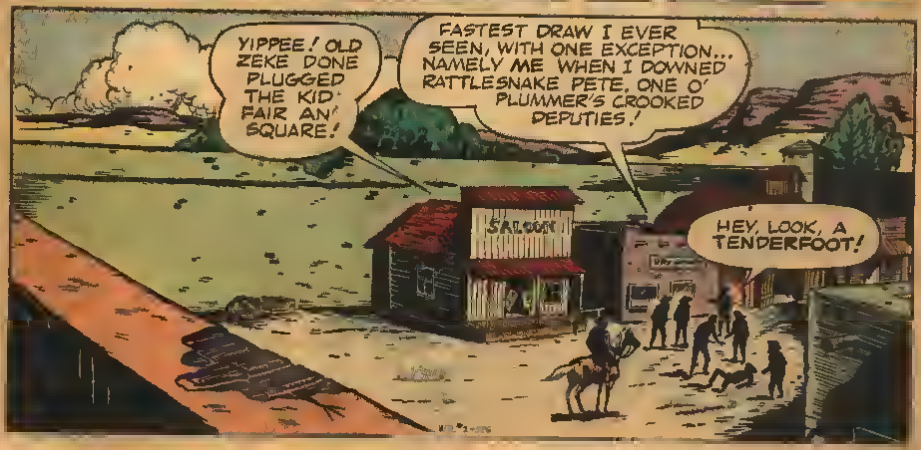
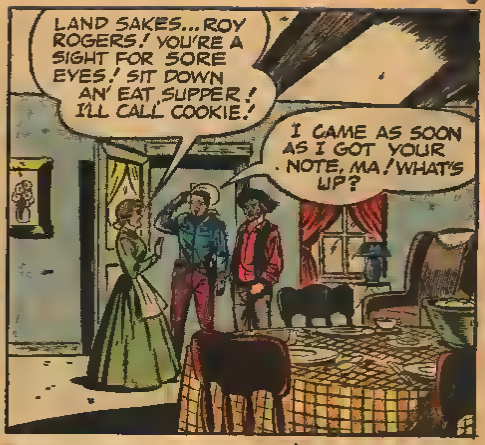
# ROY ROGERS in Gunfighter's Retreat



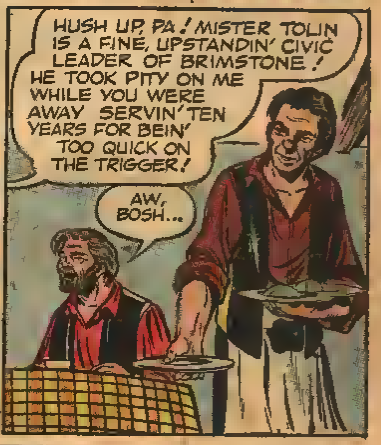


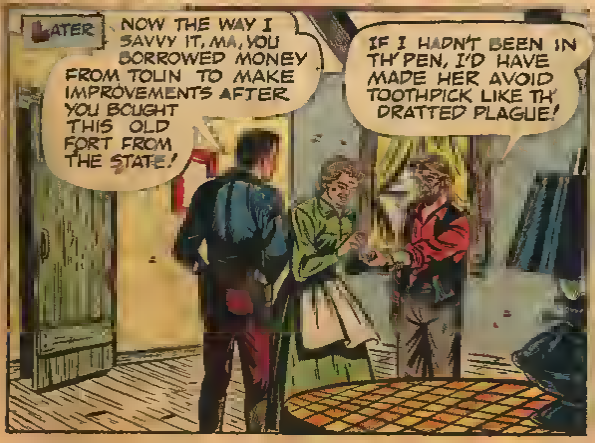
WAL, TENDERFOOT, LIKE T' TRY AN' BEAT ME TO TH' DRAW? GO AHEAD, SON, SLAP LEATHER!
WHAT IS THIS, AN OWLHOOT ROOST? WHO'S THE DEAD MAN?
WHO'S DAID, YE YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER? IT TAKES MORE 'N BLANK CARTRIDGES T' KILL ME... ME WHO ONCE TRADED LEAD WITH WILD BILL HICKOK!
BLANK CARTRIDGES?
HA, HA, THAT'S RIGHT! YOU MUST BE ROY ROGERS! I'M PA STEBBINS! SORRY I CAN'T SHAKE HANDS! I LOST M' RIGHT ARM A YEAR AGO!
THESE OLD CRONIES SPEND HALF THEIR TIME REHASHIN' GUN DUELS THEY SWEAR THEY TOOK PART IN AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER!
I RECKON THE JOKE'S ON ME, FELLOWS!
BY GRAVY YUH SHOULDA SEEN ME WHEN I WAS A YOUNG SPRIG A-RIDIN WITH QUANTRILL'S RAIDERS, SON! WHY I RECOLLECK HOW...
STOW IT, ZEKE! ROY'S GOT BUSINESS WITH MA! C'MON, ROY!
YOU SEE, THEY'RE JEST OLD RETIRED GUNFIGHTERS WHO'VE SEEN BETTER DAYS... BUT NO BETTER 'N TH' DAYS THEY SPEND HERE IN THIS OLD MAN'S HOME!
GUESS I BEGIN TO SAVVY NOW, PA!

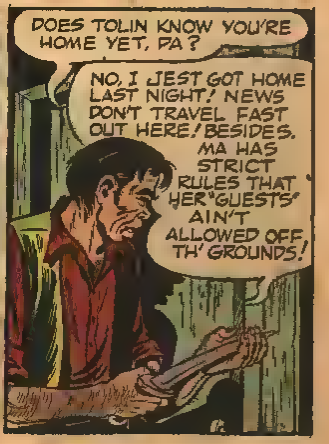
MA CALLS IT A GUNFIGHTER'S RETREAT! IT'S HER IDEA, MAKIN' A HOME FER OLD, BROKE AN' FRIENDLESS GUN-SLINGERS WHO'VE SERVED TIME AN' REFORMED...LIKE ME!


LAND SAKES...ROY ROGERS! YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES! SIT DOWN AN' EAT SUPPER! I'LL CALL COOKIE!
I CAME AS SOON AS I GOT YOUR NOTE, MA! WHAT'S UP?

PLENTY, ROY! IF I DON'T GET A PASSEL OF CASH DELIVERED TO BRIMSTONE BY NOON TOMORROW, I'LL LOSE EVERYTHIN'!
YEAH, TO A POLECAT NAMED TOOTHPICK TOLIN!


HUSH UP, PA! MISTER TOLIN IS A FINE, UPSTANDIN' CIVIC LEADER OF BRIMSTONE! HE TOOK PITY ON ME WHILE YOU WERE AWAY SERVIN' TEN YEARS FOR BEIN' TOO QUICK ON THE TRIGGER!
AW, BOSH...

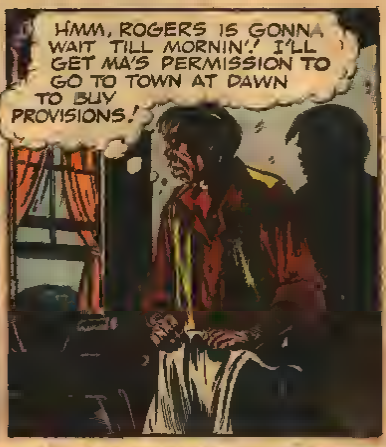

LATER
NOW THE WAY I SAVVY IT, MA, YOU BORROWED MONEY FROM TOLIN TO MAKE IMPROVEMENTS AFTER YOU BOUGHT THIS OLD FORT FROM THE STATE!
IF I HADN'T BEEN IN TH' PEN, I'D HAVE MADE HER AVOID TOOTHPICK LIKE TH' DRATTED PLAGUE!

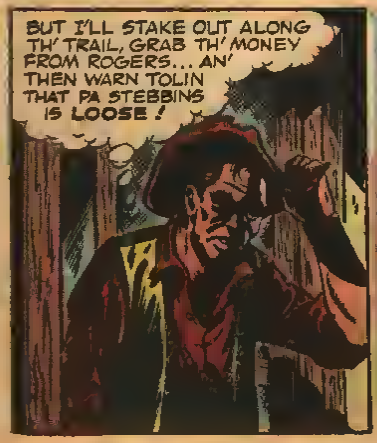

DOES TOLIN KNOW YOU'RE HOME YET, PA?
NO, I JEST GOT HOME LAST NIGHT! NEWS DON'T TRAVEL FAST OUT HERE! BESIDES, MA HAS STRICT RULES THAT HER "GUESTS" AIN'T ALLOWED OFF TH' GROUNDS!

SO YOU'RE SURE TOLIN WILL FORECLOSE ON THE RETREAT, IF HE DOESN'T GET HIS MONEY ON TIME, EH?
C'RECT, ROY! I'VE A HUNCH THAT WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHIN' HANKERS T' MAKE A OWLHOOT HIDE-OUT OF TH' SPREAD!

I DON'T TAKE STOCK IN PA'S WILD THEORIES, ROY, BUT THE FACT REMAINS, I WAS HELD UP BY MASKED MEN LAST WEEK ON MY WAY TO BRIMSTONE WITH THE MONEY!
HUMPH! TOLIN'S MASKED GUNNIES, I'LL BET!

I SCRAPED TOGETHER MONEY TO MAKE THE LAST PAYMENT AGAIN, ROY! I FIGURED MAYBE YOU'D DELIVER IT SAFE AN' FETCH ME A RECEIPT!
I'LL NOT ONLY DO THAT, MA, I'LL MAKE SURE TOLIN DOESN'T PESTER YOU IN THE FUTURE! I'LL START OUT EARLY TOMORROW!

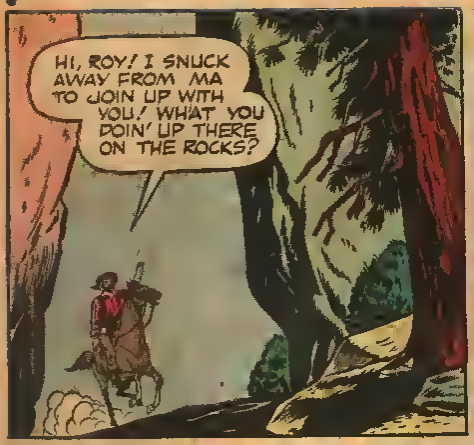

HMM, ROGERS IS GONNA WAIT TILL MORNIN'! I'LL GET MA'S PERMISSION TO GO TO TOWN AT DAWN TO BUY PROVISIONS!

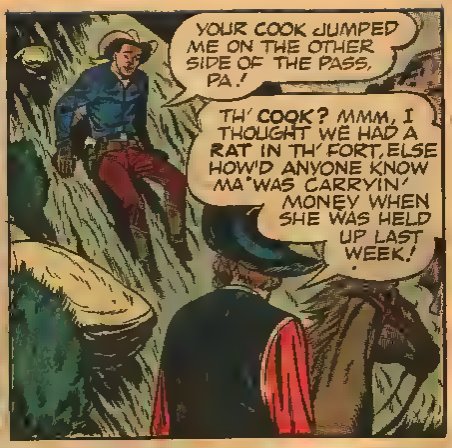

BUT I'LL STAKE OUT ALONG TH' TRAIL, GRAB TH' MONEY FROM ROGERS... AN' THEN WARN TOLIN THAT PA STEBBINS IS LOOSE!

I KNEW I COULD DEPEND ON YOU, ROY! THIS OLD MAN'S HOME IS MY LIFE'S AMBITION!

THERE, THERE, MA, DON'T GO TO WEEPIN' AGAIN! ROY'LL TAKE CARE O' EVERYTHIN'... SEEIN' AS HOW YUH WON'T LET ME GO AFTER TH' VARMINTS!

NEXT MORNING, AT BOULDER NOTCH PASS...

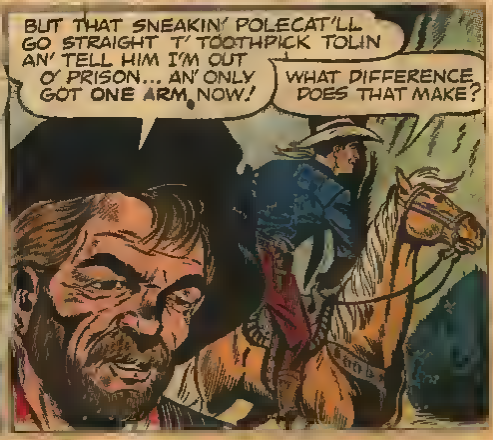

HI, ROY! I SNUCK AWAY FROM MA TO JOIN UP WITH YOU! WHAT YOU DOIN' UP THERE ON THE ROCKS?

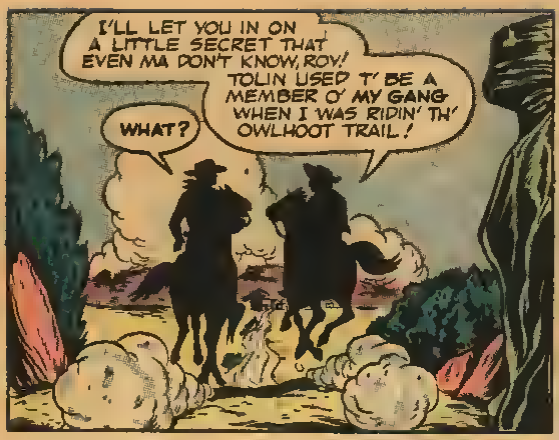

YOUR COOK JUMPED ME ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PASS, PA!
TH' COOK? MMM, I THOUGHT WE HAD A RAT IN TH' FORT, ELSE HOW'D ANYONE KNOW MA WAS CARRYIN' MONEY WHEN SHE WAS HELD UP LAST WEEK!

HEY, LOOK, HE'S BEATIN' IT ON HIS HOSS! I'LL DOWN TH' SKUNK!

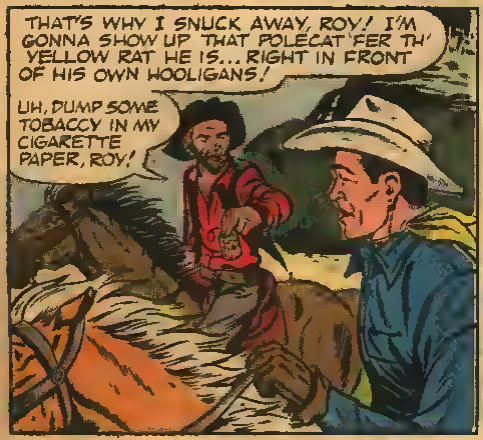
OWWW, M' SHOULDER.. ...BUT CAN'T... STOP NOW... GOTTA GIT ... T' BRIMSTONE.. ..FASTER, HORSE!
ZING

BLAST IT, I CAN'T SHOOT WORTH A DARN WITH M' LEFT HAND! BUT I'LL TRY AGAIN!
NO, LET HIM GO, PA! I WANT TO LEARN WHAT HIS GAME IS! BESIDES, I'VE STILL GOT THE MONEY!


BUT THAT SNEAKIN' POLECAT'LL GO STRAIGHT T' TOOTHPICK TOLIN AN' TELL HIM I'M OUT O' PRISON... AN' ONLY GOT ONE ARM NOW!
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE?

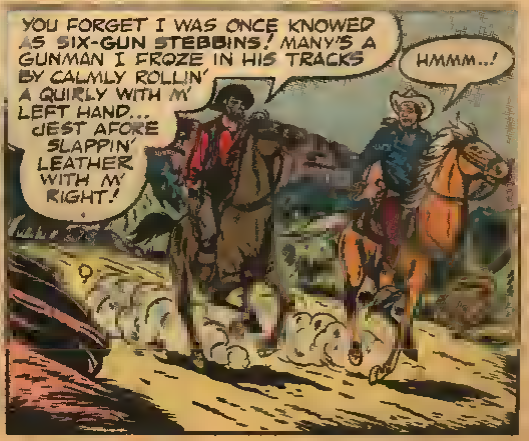

I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET THAT EVEN MA DON'T KNOW, ROY! TOLIN USED T' BE A MEMBER O' MY GANG WHEN I WAS RIDIN' TH' OWLHOOT TRAIL!
WHAT?

YEP HE WAS JEST A SCARED LITTLE PUNK THEN! I EVEN LEARNED HIM HOW T SHOOT! AN' NOW HE'S BOSS OF BRIMSTONE... MAKIN' WAR ON MY WIFE!

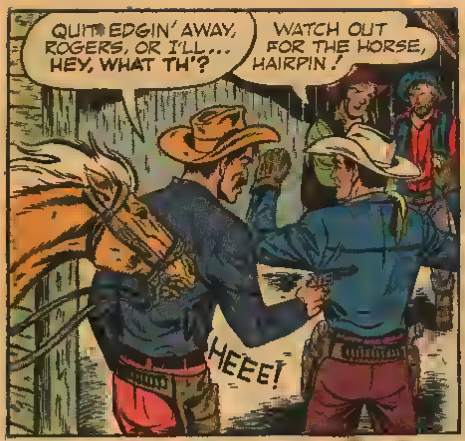

THAT'S WHY I SNUCK AWAY, ROY! I'M GONNA SHOW UP THAT POLECAT 'FER TH' YELLOW RAT HE IS... RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIS OWN WOOLIGANS!
UH, DUMP SOME TOBACCY IN MY CIGARETTE PAPER, ROY!

YOU BETTER LET ME TAKE CARE OF TOLIN! A ONE-ARMED MAN OF YOUR AGE... WHO JUST GOT OUT OF PRISON... SHOULDN'T GET INVOLVED IN GUNPLAY, PA!

YOU JEST DELIVER TH' MONEY FOR MA AN' BACK MY PLAY, ROY! I'LL MAKE A BLASTED MONKEY OUT O' THAT FOURFLUSHER!


YOU FORGET I WAS ONCE KNOWED AS SIX-GUN STEBBINS! MANY'S A GUNMAN I FROZE IN HIS TRACKS BY CALMLY ROLLIN' A QUIRLY WITH M' LEFT HAND... JEST AFORE SLAPPIN' LEATHER WITH M' RIGHT!
HMMM..!

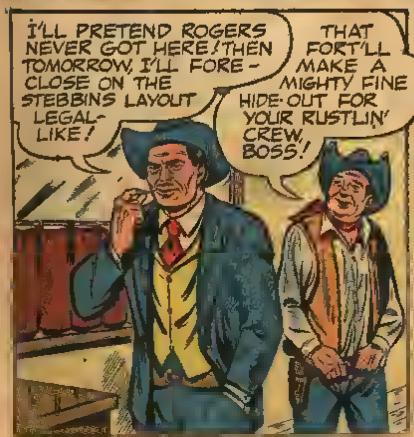
MEANWHILE, IN BRIMSTONE...
IT'S COOKIE FROM TH' FORT SHORTY! GRAB HIM!
I'M SHOT... TELL TH' BOSS ...ROGERS IS COMIN'... WITH TH' MONEY... AN' HE... AHHHH!
HE PASSED OUT! I'LL FETCH HIM TO TH' DOC! YOU BETTER TELL TOOTHPICK TH' NEWS! HE'S OUT BACK, PRACTICIN'!
HEY, TOOTHPICK, ROY ROGERS IS COMIN' WITH TH' FINAL PAYMENT FOR MA STEBBINS!
SO COOKIE'S TIP WAS ON THE LEVEL LAST WEEK WHEN HE SAID MA SENT FOR THE COWBOY!
GREGO, YOU AND HAIRPIN HOLD UP ROGERS! GRAB THAT MONEY BEFORE HE GETS TO MY OFFICE!
I GET IT, BOSS! WE PINCH HIS DINERO JUST LIKE WE DID FROM TH' OLD LADY!
PRESENTLY...
WE'LL PUT UP OUR HORSES HERE, AND THEN GO LOOKIN' FOR TOLIN!
WONDER IF ANYBODY'S SEEN US YET, ROY?
YEAH, YOU WAS SEEN ALL RIGHT! HEIST 'EM, ROGERS ...AN' YOU, TOO, GRANDPA!
WHO'S TH' OLD DUFFER, ROGERS? YOUR BODYGUARD? HAW, HAW!


QUIT EDGIN' AWAY, ROGERS, OR I'LL... HEY, WHAT TH'?
WATCH OUT FOR THE HORSE, HAIRPIN!
HEEE!

NICE WORK, TRIGGER!
HOLD IT ROGERS!

AN' HERE'S MY CALLIN' CARD! I RECKON COOKIE DIDN'T GET A CHANCE YET T' ANNOUNCE MY NAME AROUND TOWN!

WE'LL TIE UP THAT HAIRPIN HOMBRE AND LEAVE HIM HERE! BUT WE'LL MAKE THIS GUN-SLICK TAKE US TO TOLIN!
MAYBE WE BETTER FETCH ALONG TH' HORSES, JEST IN CASE.. ...DANG IT, WHERE'S MY TOBACCY SACK?
SPLASH!

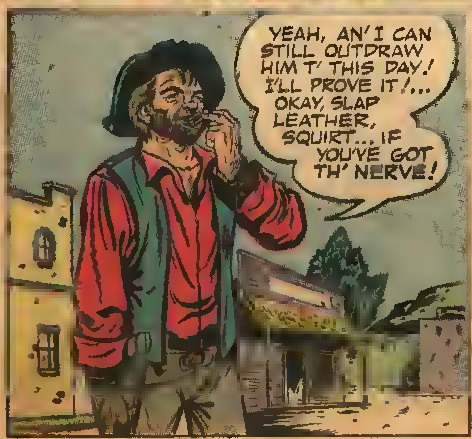

I'LL PRETEND ROGERS NEVER GOT HERE! THEN TOMORROW, I'LL FORE-CLOSE ON THE STEBBINS LAYOUT LEGAL-LIKE!
THAT FORT'LL MAKE A MIGHTY FINE HIDE-OUT FOR YOUR RUSTLIN' CREW, BOSS!

SAY, WHAT'S THE MEANIN' OF THIS?
IT MEANS I'M DELIVERIN' MA'S PAYMENT ON TIME! GRAB A PEN, TOLIN! YOU'RE SIGNIN' A RECEIPT, PRONTO!

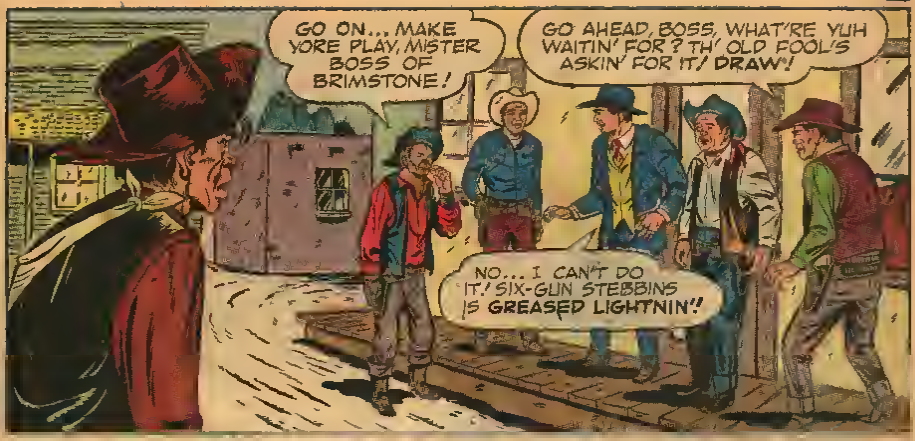
HERE'S THE MONEY! MA'S LOAN IS NOW PAID IN FULL!
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, ROGERS!

YOUR BOSS IS A FOUR-FLUSHER, GREGO! THERE'S AN OLD PLAYMATE OF HIS OUTSIDE WHO'S JUST HONIN' TO PROVE IT!
HUH? DID YUH HEAR THAT, TOOTHPICK?

SIX-GUN STEBBINS! WHAT... WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?
TH' STATE PEN, TOOTHPICK... WHERE YOU'LL END UP IF YOU DON'T MAKE BOOT HILL AFORE THEN! HOW'S YOUR GUN ARM SINCE I LEARNED YOU HOW T' SHOOT, SQUIRT?
Y-YOU TAUGHT TH' BOSS HOW T' SHOOT?

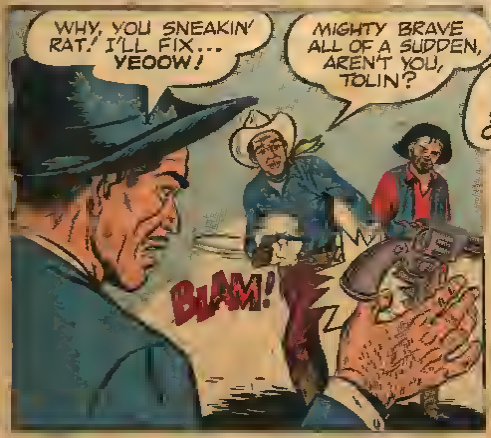

YEAH, AN' I CAN STILL OUTDRAW HIM T' THIS DAY! I'LL PROVE IT!... OKAY, SLAP LEATHER, SQUIRT... IF YOU'VE GOT TH' NERVE!

THAT POSE... THE CIGARETTE... THE GLOVED HAND...


GO ON... MAKE YORE PLAY, MISTER BOSS OF BRIMSTONE!
GO AHEAD, BOSS, WHAT'RE YUH WAITIN' FOR? TH' OLD FOOL'S ASKIN' FOR IT! DRAW!
NO... I CAN'T DO IT! SIX-GUN STEBBINS IS GREASED LIGHTNIN'!

LOOK, HERE'S COOKIE! HE'S OKAY NOW!
SURE, I'M OKAY, BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH TH' BOSS? HE GOT OUTBLUFFED BY AN OLD MAN WHO'S GOT A WOODEN SHOOTIN' ARM!
WHAT?

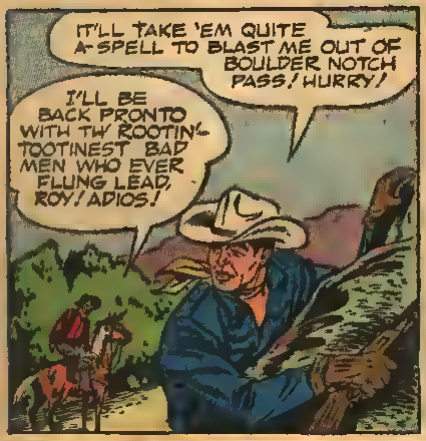
YEP, I LOST M' ARM IN A PRISON ACCIDENT, GENTS, BUT YOUR BIG, BRAVE LEADER LOST MORE 'N AN ARM TODAY... HE LOST HIS FACE!


WHY, YOU SNEAKIN' RAT! I'LL FIX... YEOOW!
MIGHTY BRAVE ALL OF A SUDDEN, AREN'T YOU, TOLIN?
BLAM!

NEXT TIME YOU GO NEAR MA STEBBINS' OLD HOME, TOOTHPICK, YOU'LL GET SOME MORE SURPRISES! COME ON, PA!
SO LONG, YOU BIG, BAD MEN! HAW, HAW, HAW!

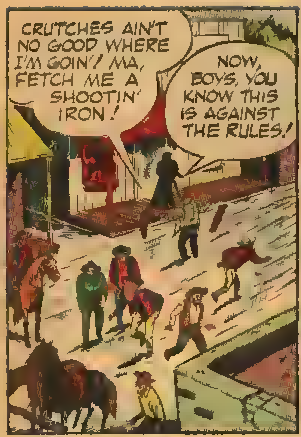
I'M STILL BOSS OF THIS OUTFIT! GET SOME OF THE BOYS FROM THE SALOON! WE'LL OVERTAKE THAT PAIR BEFORE THEY REACH THE FORT! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT RECEIPT BACK!

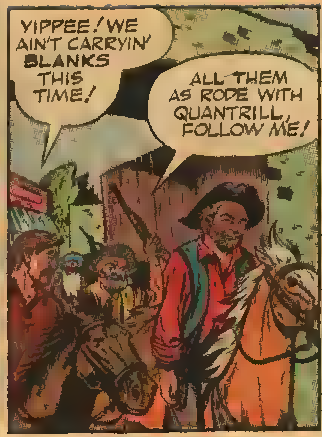
SOME TIME LATER...
OH-OH, THEM OWLHOOTS ARE AFTER US, ROY!
YOUR HORSE'LL NEVER KEEP THIS PACE TO THE FORT, PA! YOU TAKE TRIGGER! I'LL HOLD THEM UP AT THE PASS TILL YOU BRING HELP!


IT'LL TAKE 'EM QUITE A SPELL TO BLAST ME OUT OF BOULDER NOTCH PASS! HURRY!
I'LL BE BACK PRONTO WITH TH' ROOTIN'-TOOTINEST BAD MEN WHO EVER FLUNG LEAD, ROY! ADIOS!

WHOA! THEY'RE HOLED UP IN THE ROCKS! DISMOUNT AND SCATTER! WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME TO BURN 'EM OUT!
ZING
ZING

MEANWHILE, AT THE FORT...
BOYS, ROY IS TRYIN' T' HOLD TH' PASS AGAINST TOLIN'S GUNNIES! IT WAS ROY WHO SAVED THIS OLD HOME FER YUH! WHAT YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT?
DO? WHY WE'RE GONNA CLIMB BACK IN TH' SADDLE AGAIN... THEM AS CAN STILL MOUNT A CAYUSE... AN' RIDE!
THAT'S TELLIN' HIM, ZEKE! LET'S GO!


CRUTCHES AIN'T NO GOOD WHERE I'M GOIN'! MA, FETCH ME A SHOOTIN' IRON!
NOW, BOYS, YOU KNOW THIS IS AGAINST THE RULES!


YIPPEE! WE AIN'T CARRYIN' BLANKS THIS TIME!
ALL THEM AS RODE WITH QUANTRILL, FOLLOW ME!

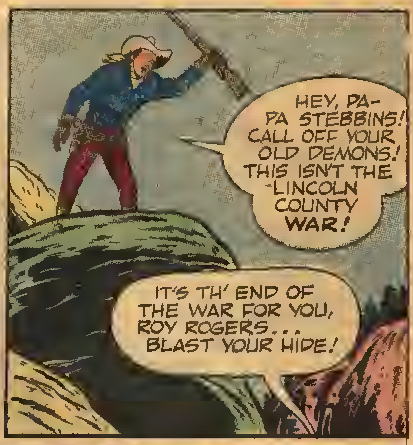
DAD BLAME IT, ME WHO USE T' RIDE WITH JESSE JAMES ... AN' I'M STUCK WITH A MULE!

SHORTLY...
HMM, THAT'S MY LAST BULLET! WELL, AT LEAST PA AND TRIGGER GOT AWAY SAFELY!
SPAT!
BLAM
PING

I THINK ROGERS IS OUT OF AMMUNITION! I'M GOING UP AFTER HIM! YOU MEN COVER ME!
HEY, WHAT'S THAT YELLIN'?

THAT'S TH' VARMINTS, BOYS! BUT TAKE IT EASY! WE WANT PRISONERS!
WHAT FER? WE'RE RIDIN' ON TH' SIDE O' LAW AN' ORDER! AN' TH' LAW OFFERS REWARDS FER POLECATS, DEAD OR ALIVE!
BAM
YIII! YIII! SAVE TH' ALIA O!

HOLY COW, WHO LET THEM BLOODTHIRSTY OLD TYRANTS LOOSE? WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!
I'M GETTIN' OUT O' HERE!
YIPPEE! HERE'S ONE FER BILLY THE KID!

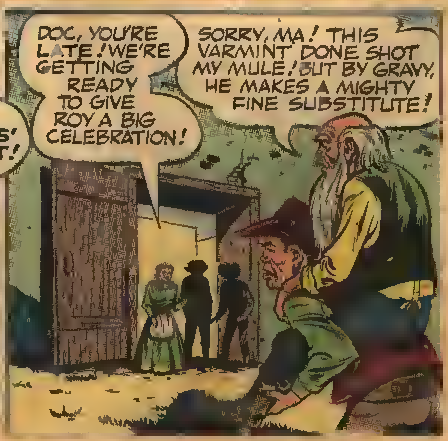

HEY, PA-PA STEBBINS! CALL OFF YOUR OLD DEMONS! THIS ISN'T THE LINCOLN COUNTY WAR!
IT'S TH' END OF THE WAR FOR YOU, ROY ROGERS... BLAST YOUR HIDE!

TOLIN!
SO LONG, YOU MEDDLER! I KNOW YOU'RE OUT OF AMMUNITION!

ZING

UGH!

SO YOU GOT TOOTHPICK TOLIN, EH, ROY?
YES, AND WE'VE GOT ENOUGH ON HIM NOW TO SEND HIM AND HIS GUNNIES UP FOR A LONG STRETCH! THIS IS A MASS CITIZENS' ARREST!


DOC, YOU'RE LATE! WE'RE GETTING READY TO GIVE ROY A BIG CELEBRATION!
SORRY, MA! THIS VARMINT DONE SHOT MY MULE! BUT BY GRAVY, HE MAKES A MIGHTY FINE SUBSTITUTE!

# DICTIONARY of WESTERN TERMS

**Acorn Calf**... A runty calf, a weakling.

**Arroyo (Ar-ra'yo)**... Originally a Spanish word meaning *rivulet*. The name has come to mean a narrow gorge having high walls of dirt.

**Bronco**... A wild or semi-wild horse, often contracted to bronc.

**Butte**... Any conspicuous hill or mountain left standing in an area reduced by erosion.

**Cahoots**... In partnership.

**Coffin**... The cowboy's name for a trunk.

**Coulee**... A dry creek, its sloping sides covered with brush.

**Dewey**... One of several slang names for a six-shooter.

**Diamond Hitch**... A method of roping a pack on a pack animal. When a pack is tied with a diamond hitch, it produces the figure of a diamond on the top of the pack.

**Dry Camp**... To camp without water.

**Earmark**... Like the brand, the earmark is used on cattle as a mark of ownership.

**Exalted**... Hanged. The unhappy end of many a hoss thief who, as one Westerner put it, "trimmed a cottonwood with the help of the hemp committee."

**Fenders**... The heavy leather shields sewn to the stirrup leathers.

**Firewater**.... An Indian term for whisky. It was the custom of traders to throw a little of the liquid on the fire to let it burn. If they refused to do this, the shrewd Indians did not trade, fearing to be cheated.

**Grass freight**... Materials that were shipped by bull team were called grass freight, because the motive power could eat their way to and from market. Although grass freight was extremely slow, it was much cheaper than corn freight, which was freight hauled by mule teams.

**Gun tipper**... A name applied to the man who shot through the end of his holster without drawing his weapon. His holster usually worked on a swivel.

**Honda (On'dah)**... The metal eye attached to the end of a lariat, through which the other end of the rope is passed to form a loop.

**Indian bread**... Strips of fat taken from the shoulder of the buffalo. This fat was first scalded in hot grease and then smoked. The buffalo hunters used it as bread and made sandwiches of it with lean or dried meat.

**Jamoka**... A name used for coffee which was made by combining Java and Mocha.

**Keno**... A word used by the cowman to mean everything is all right. It came from the gambling game, Keno.

**Loceweed**.... The name given to various poisonous plants that grow throughout the Western States. These plants are very bad for horses and cattle and cause them to become thin and worn out.

**Mesa**... A flat-topped hill with abrupt or steeply sloping sides. Sometimes called a *table mountain*.

**Mexican strawberries**... A slang expression meaning dried beans.

**Nester**... Anyone who settles on state or government land. A homesteader.

**Outrider**... The cowboy whose job it is to protect his employer's interests by patrolling the range. Unlike the *line rider*, who patrols a certain boundary, the outrider is commissioned to ride anywhere.

**Poncho**... A blanket with a hole cut through the middle for the head. The poncho is worn by Mexicans and cowboys to protect them against bad weather.

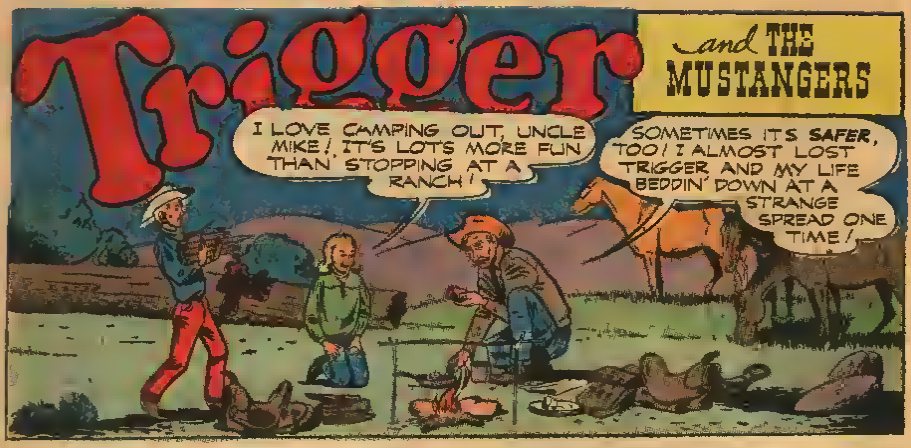
**Quirt**... A flexible whip made of woven leather.

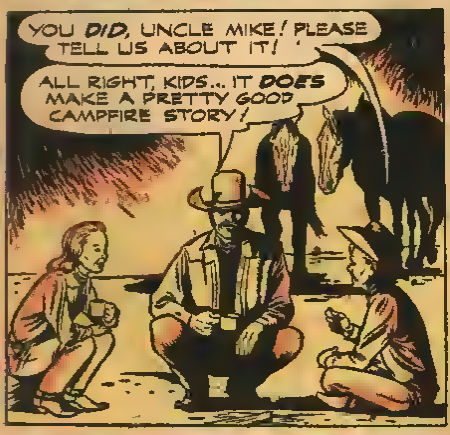
**Ranahan**... Used by Westerners to mean the top hand on a ranch. Also, a cowboy who is efficient.

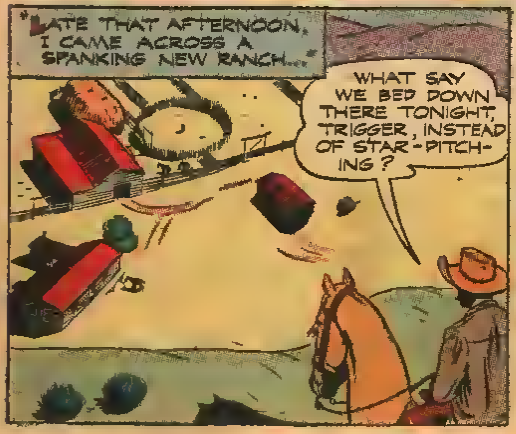
**Swamper**... The cook's helper or the janitor in a saloon. The Swamper is also the man who handles the brakes and helps the driver of a jerk-line string.

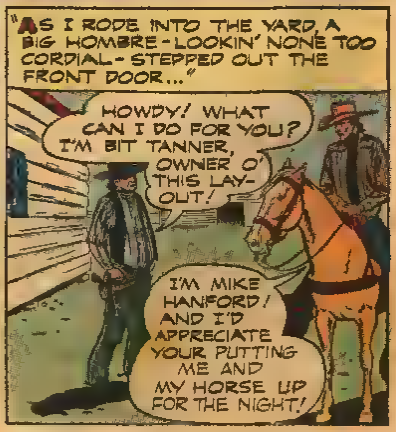
*(Continued on page 96)*

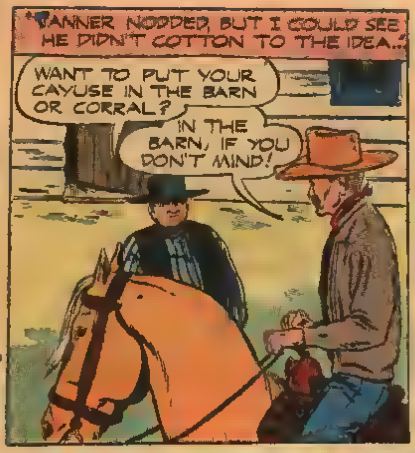
# Trigger and THE MUSTANGERS



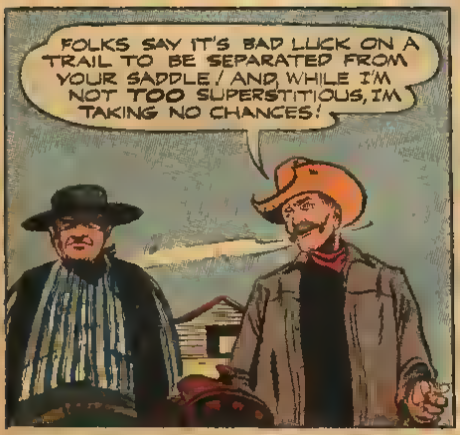



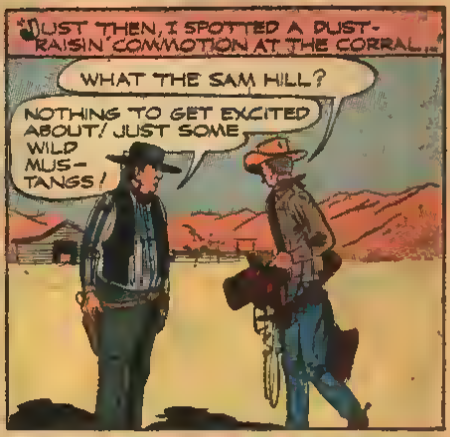


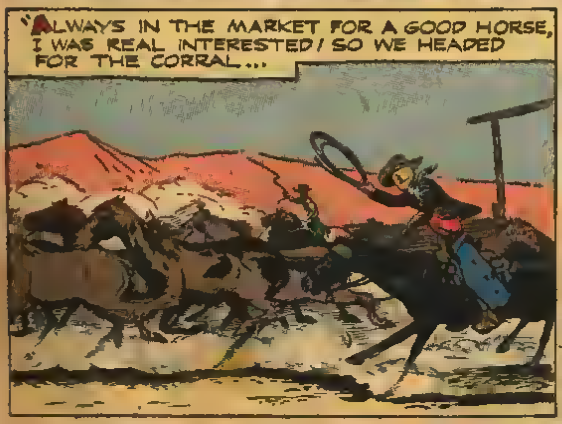



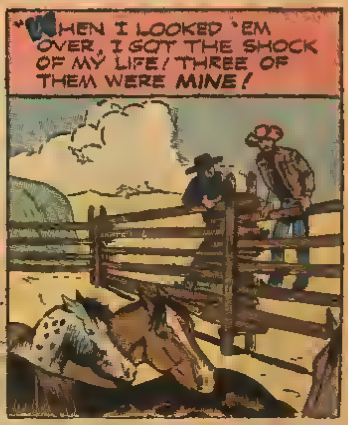

TANNER NODDED, BUT I COULD SEE HE DIDN'T COTTON TO THE IDEA...
WANT TO PUT YOUR CAYUSE IN THE BARN OR CORRAL?
IN THE BARN, IF YOU DON'T MIND!

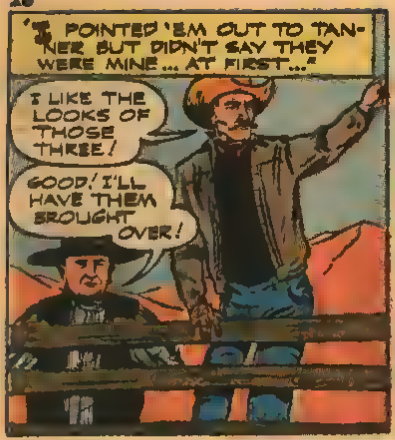
AFTER TRIGGER WAS ALL SET, I PICKED UP MY SADDLE AND FOLLOWED TANNER OUT OF THE BARN...
WHAT'S THE IDEA? YOUR SADDLE'LL BE SAFE HERE!
NO OFFENSE, TANNER!

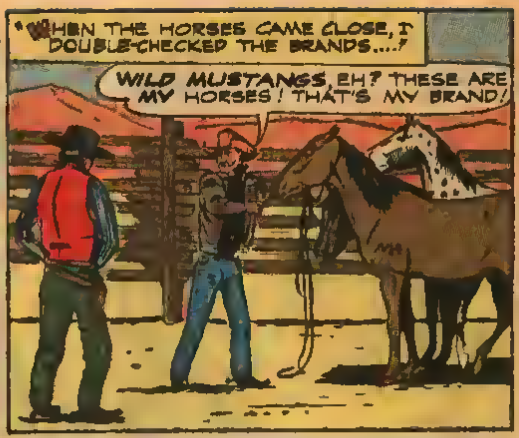

FOLKS SAY IT'S BAD LUCK ON A TRAIL TO BE SEPARATED FROM YOUR SADDLE! AND, WHILE I'M NOT TOO SUPERSTITIOUS, I'M TAKING NO CHANCES!

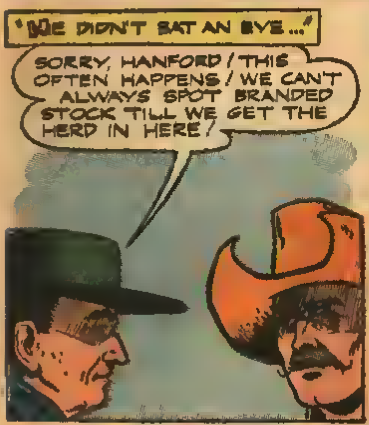

JUST THEN, I SPOTTED A DUST-RAISIN' COMMOTION AT THE CORRAL...
WHAT THE SAM HILL?
NOTHING TO GET EXCITED ABOUT! JUST SOME WILD MUS-TANGS!

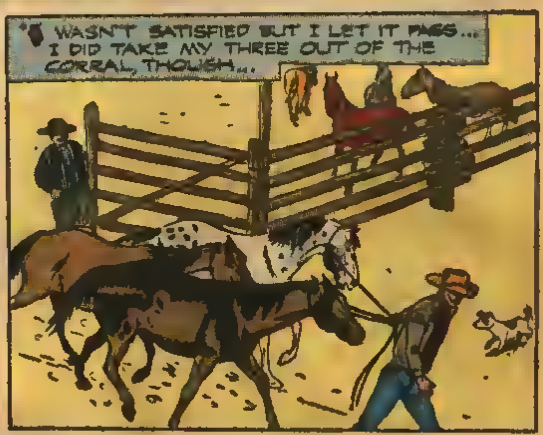

ALWAYS IN THE MARKET FOR A GOOD HORSE, I WAS REAL INTERESTED! SO WE HEADED FOR THE CORRAL...

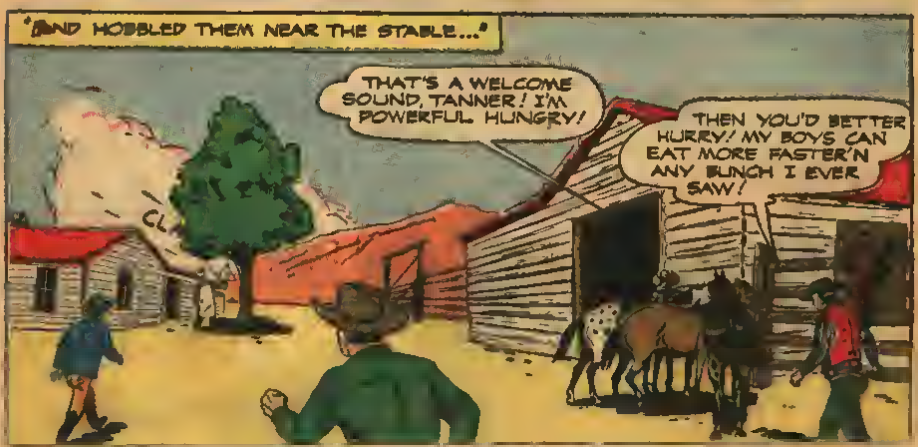

WHEN I LOOKED 'EM OVER, I GOT THE SHOCK OF MY LIFE! THREE OF THEM WERE MINE!


"I POINTED 'EM OUT TO TANNER BUT DIDN'T SAY THEY WERE MINE... AT FIRST..."
I LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE THREE!
GOOD! I'LL HAVE THEM BROUGHT OVER!

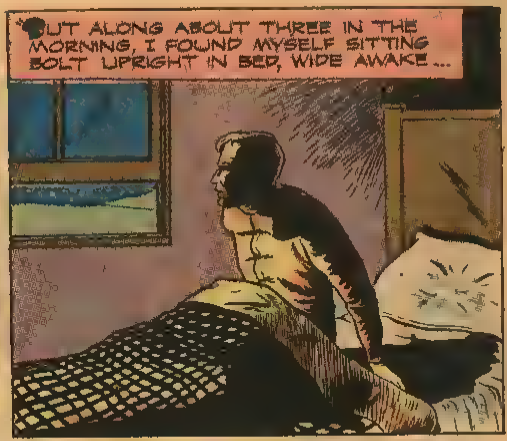

"WHEN THE HORSES CAME CLOSE, I DOUBLE-CHECKED THE BRANDS...!"
WILD MUSTANGS, EH? THESE ARE MY HORSES! THAT'S MY BRAND!


"WE DIDN'T BAT AN EYE..."
SORRY, HANFORD! THIS OFTEN HAPPENS! WE CAN'T ALWAYS SPOT BRANDED STOCK TILL WE GET THE HERD IN HERE!

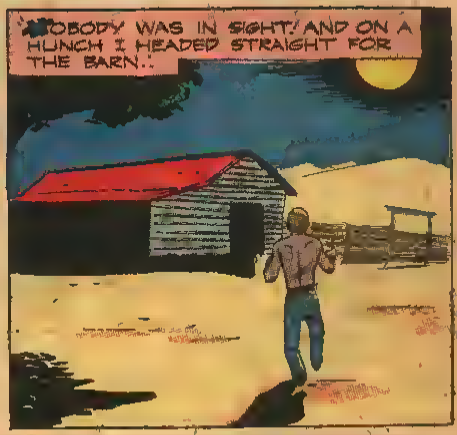

"I WASN'T SATISFIED BUT I LET IT PASS... I DID TAKE MY THREE OUT OF THE CORRAL, THOUGH...


"AND HOBBLED THEM NEAR THE STABLE..."
THAT'S A WELCOME SOUND, TANNER! I'M POWERFUL HUNGRY!
THEN YOU'D BETTER HURRY! MY BOYS CAN EAT MORE FASTER'N ANY BUNCH I EVER SAW!

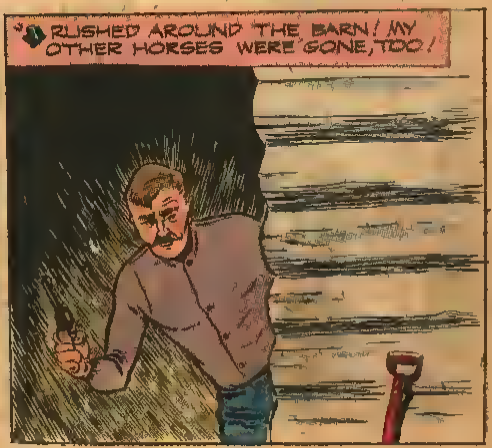
AFTER SUPPER, TANNER SHOWED ME TO MY ROOM AND I TURNED IN..


BUT ALONG ABOUT THREE IN THE MORNING, I FOUND MYSELF SITTING BOLT UPRIGHT IN BED, WIDE AWAKE...

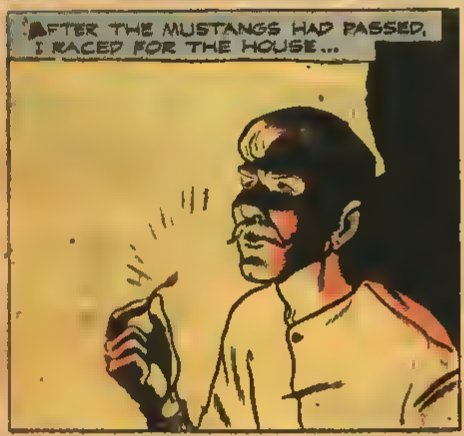
COULDN'T FIGURE WHAT HAD WAKED ME! BUT I GOT OUT OF THERE ON THE DOUBLE...

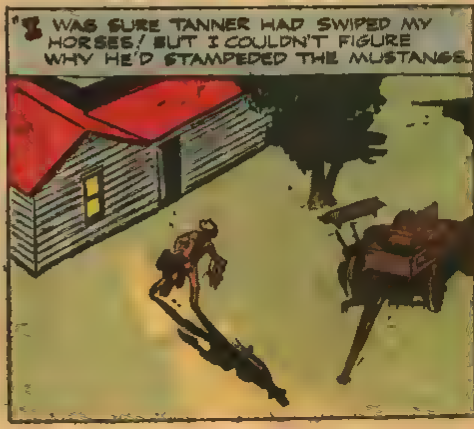

NOBODY WAS IN SIGHT! AND ON A HUNCH I HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE BARN..

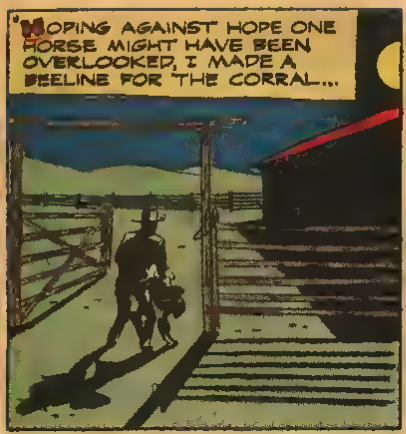
TRIGGER WAS GONE!

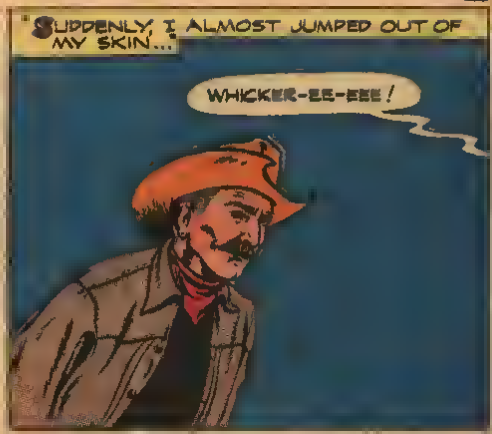

I RUSHED AROUND THE BARN! MY OTHER HORSES WERE GONE, TOO!

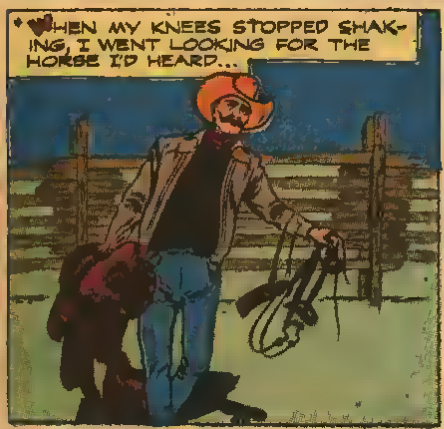
"I STARTED BACK TOWARD THE HOUSE! BUT THUNDERING HOOFS SENT ME HIGH-TAILING IT FOR THE NEAREST ROOSTING PLACE...

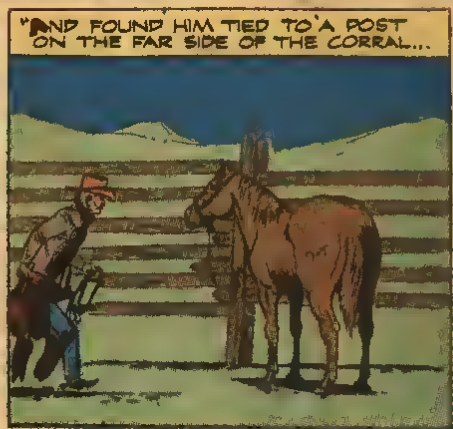





"HOPING AGAINST HOPE ONE HORSE MIGHT HAVE BEEN OVERLOOKED, I MADE A BEELINE FOR THE CORRAL...

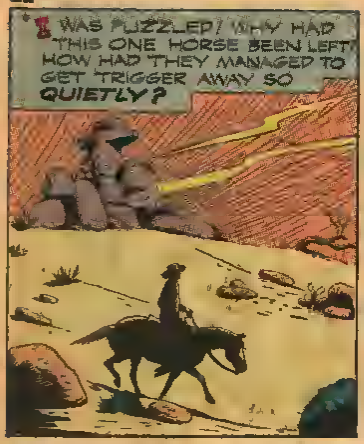

"SUDDENLY, I ALMOST JUMPED OUT OF MY SKIN...
WHICKER-EE-EEE!

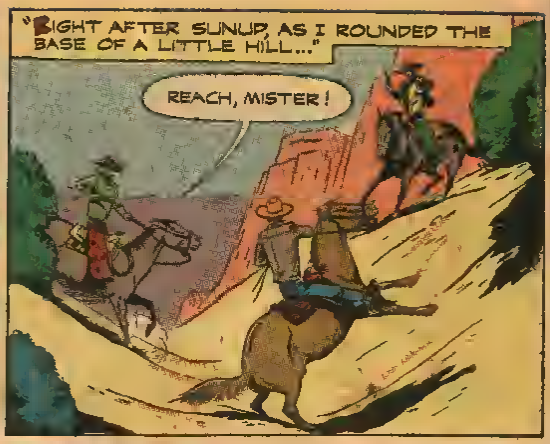

"WHEN MY KNEES STOPPED SHAKING, I WENT LOOKING FOR THE HORSE I'D HEARD...


"AND FOUND HIM TIED TO A POST ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE CORRAL...

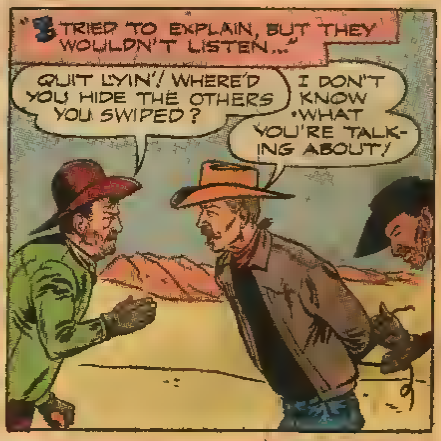
"I SLAPPED MY TREE ON HIM IN NOTHING FLAT...

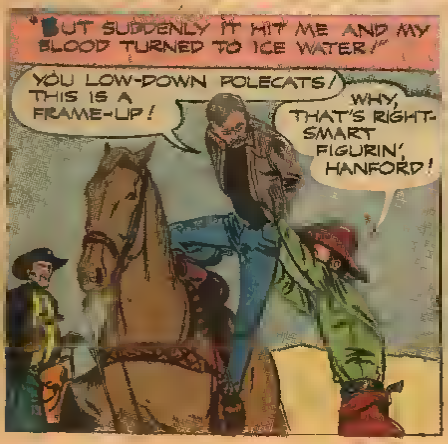
"AND TOOK OFF IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION THE MUSTANGS HAD GONE, HOPING TO PICK UP TANNER'S TRAIL...

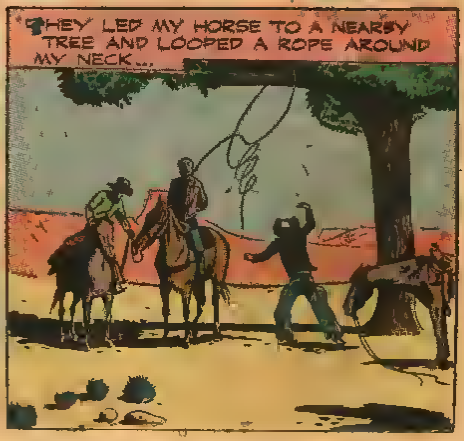

"I WAS PUZZLED! WHY HAD THIS ONE HORSE BEEN LEFT? HOW HAD THEY MANAGED TO GET TRIGGER AWAY SO QUIETLY?

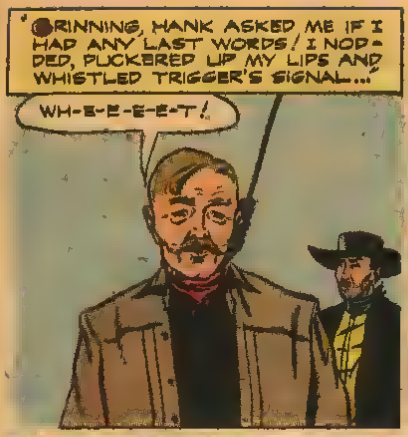

"RIGHT AFTER SUNUP, AS I ROUNDED THE BASE OF A LITTLE HILL..."
REACH, MISTER!

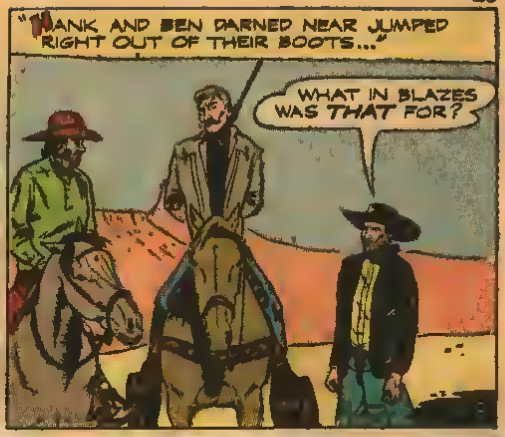
"I REACHED! AND WAS PLENTY SURPRISED WHEN, INSTEAD OF GRABBING MY WALLET...
HE'S THE HOSS THIEF, ALL RIGHT, BEN! HERE'S TANNER'S BRAND!

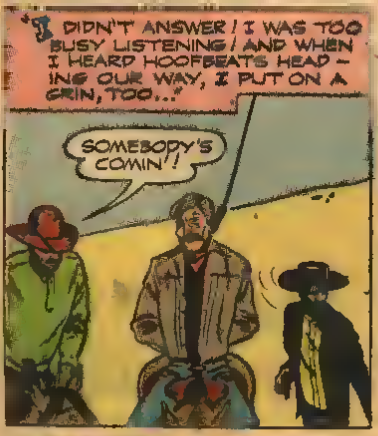

"I TRIED TO EXPLAIN, BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN..."
QUIT LYIN'! WHERE'D YOU HIDE THE OTHERS YOU SWIPED?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

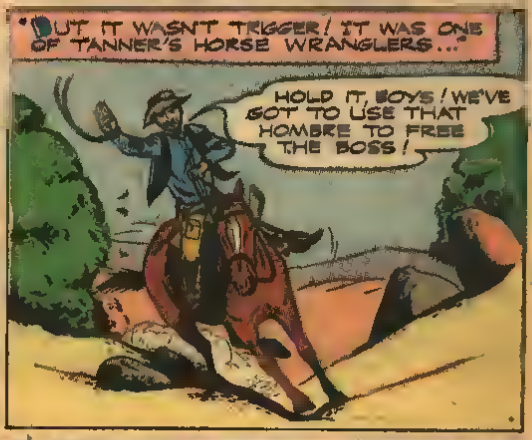

"BUT SUDDENLY IT HIT ME AND MY BLOOD TURNED TO ICE WATER!"
YOU LOW-DOWN POLECATS! THIS IS A FRAME-UP!
WHY, THAT'S RIGHT-SMART FIGURIN', HANFORD!

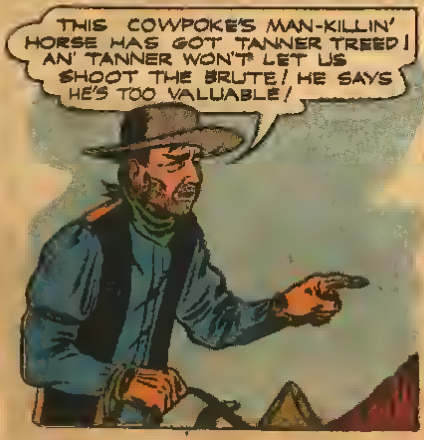

"THEY LED MY HORSE TO A NEARBY TREE AND LOOPED A ROPE AROUND MY NECK...

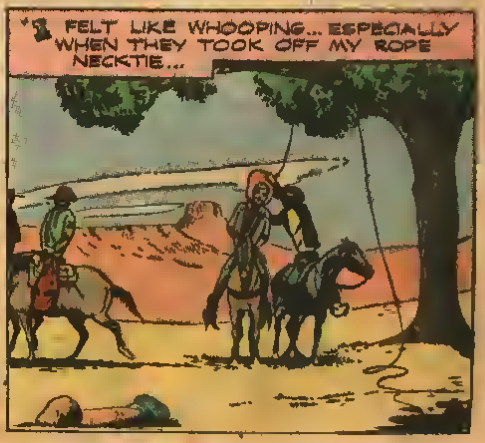

"GRINNING, HANK ASKED ME IF I HAD ANY LAST WORDS! I NODDED, PUCKERED UP MY LIPS AND WHISTLED TRIGGER'S SIGNAL..."
WH-E-E-E-E-T!


"HANK AND BEN DARNED NEAR JUMPED RIGHT OUT OF THEIR BOOTS..."
WHAT IN BLAZES WAS THAT FOR?

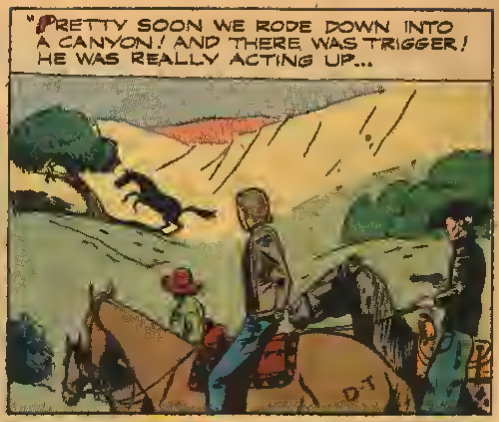

"I DIDN'T ANSWER! I WAS TOO BUSY LISTENING! AND WHEN I HEARD HOOFBEATS HEADING OUR WAY, I PUT ON A GRIN, TOO..."
SOMEBODY'S COMIN'!


"BUT IT WASN'T TRIGGER! IT WAS ONE OF TANNER'S HORSE WRANGLERS..."
HOLD IT, BOYS! WE'VE GOT TO USE THAT HOMBRE TO FREE THE BOSS!


THIS COWPOKE'S MAN-KILLIN' HORSE HAS GOT TANNER TREED! AN' TANNER WON'T LET US SHOOT THE BRUTE! HE SAYS HE'S TOO VALUABLE!

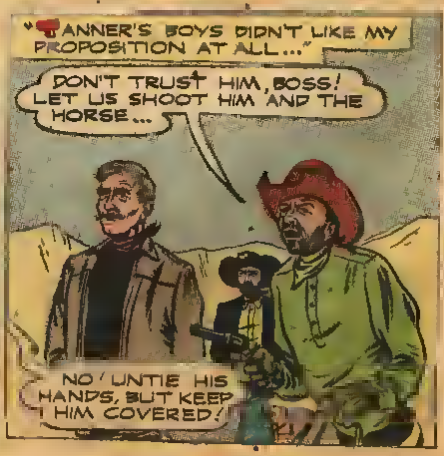

"I FELT LIKE WHOOPING... ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY TOOK OFF MY ROPE NECKTIE...

"BUT I KEPT MY MOUTH SHUT AND TRIED TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET MY HANDS FREE...

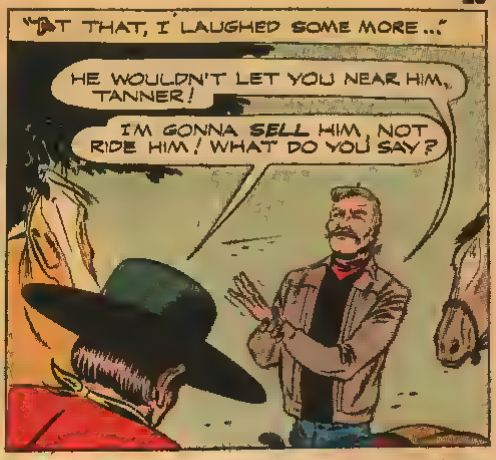

"PRETTY SOON WE RODE DOWN INTO A CANYON! AND THERE WAS TRIGGER! HE WAS REALLY ACTING UP...

"I BUSTED OUT LAUGHING WHEN I GOT CLOSER! THERE WAS TANNER, ALL HUNCHED UP ON A BRANCH LIKE A SQUIRREL..."
EEE--UGH!

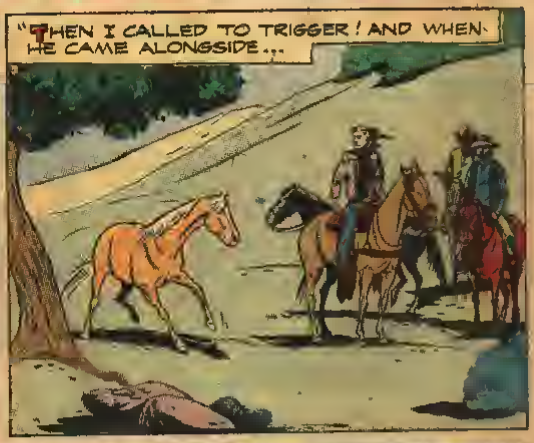
"OF COURSE, TANNER COULDN'T SEE ANYTHING FUNNY IN HIS SITUATION."
HANFORD! CALL OFF THIS LOCO CAYUSE!
SURE! AFTER MY HANDS ARE UNTIED!

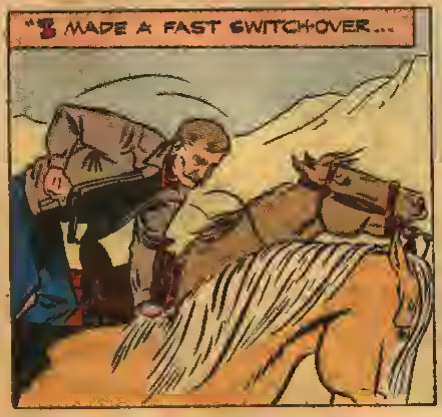

"TANNER'S BOYS DIDN'T LIKE MY PROPOSITION AT ALL..."
DON'T TRUST HIM, BOSS! LET US SHOOT HIM AND THE HORSE...
NO! UNTIE HIS HANDS, BUT KEEP HIM COVERED!

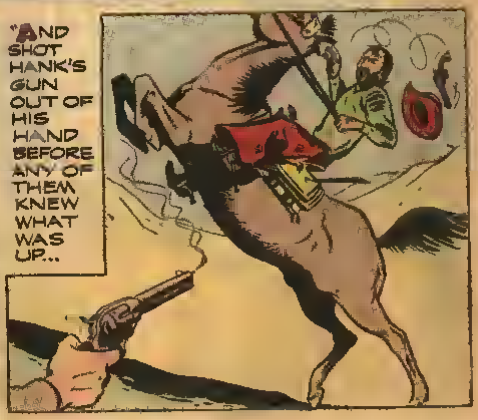
"WHILE MY HANDS WERE BEING UNTIED, TRIGGER KEPT TANNER TREED...BUT NOT QUIET..."
I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU, HANFORD! YOUR LIFE FOR THIS HORSE!

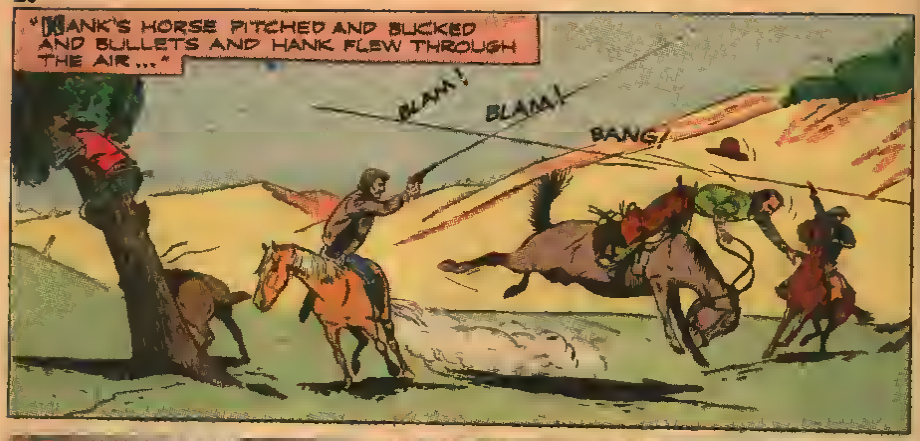

"AT THAT, I LAUGHED SOME MORE..."
HE WOULDN'T LET YOU NEAR HIM, TANNER!
I'M GONNA SELL HIM, NOT RIDE HIM! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

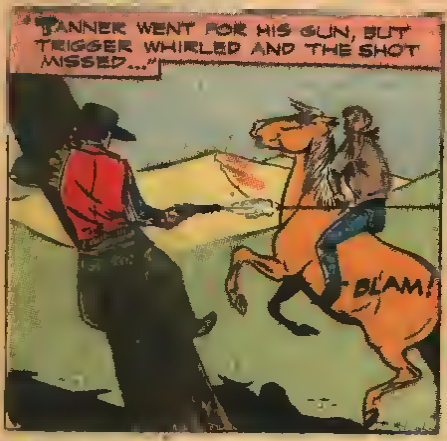
"I SHRUGGED AS IF AGREEING! BUT MEANTIME, I WAS SNEAKING MY SPARE GUN OUT OF MY SADDLEBAG...


"THEN I CALLED TO TRIGGER! AND WHEN HE CAME ALONGSIDE...

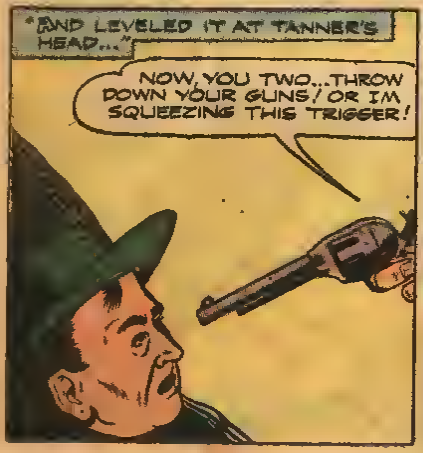

"I MADE A FAST SWITCH-OVER...


"AND SHOT HANK'S GUN OUT OF HIS HAND BEFORE ANY OF THEM KNEW WHAT WAS UP...


"HANK'S HORSE PITCHED AND BUCKED AND BULLETS AND HANK FLEW THROUGH THE AIR..."
BLAM!
BLAM!
BANG!


"TANNER WENT FOR HIS GUN, BUT TRIGGER WHIRLED AND THE SHOT MISSED..."
BLAM!

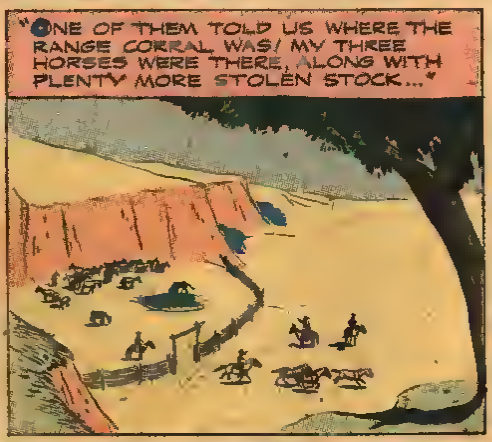
"TANNER LOST HIS BALANCE AND, IN TRYING TO REGAIN IT, LOST HIS GUN! I PICKED IT UP...

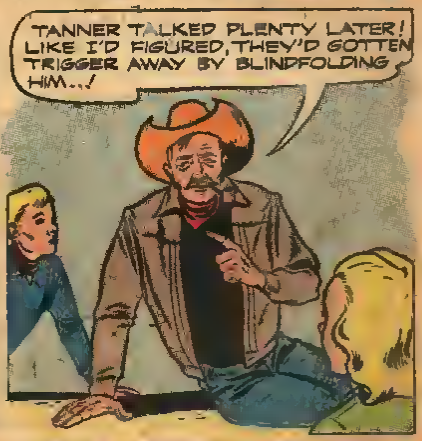

"AND LEVELED IT AT TANNER'S HEAD..."
NOW, YOU TWO...THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS! OR I'M SQUEEZING THIS TRIGGER!

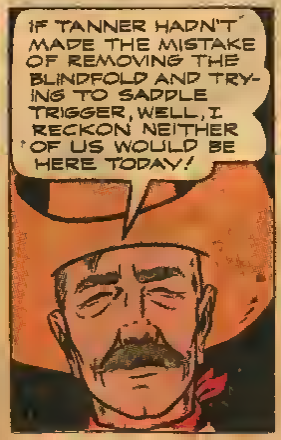
"TEN MINUTES LATER, WE WERE RIDING OUT OF THE CANYON...

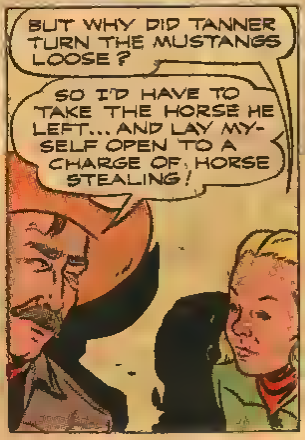
"AN HOUR LATER, WE PULLED UP AT SHERIFF HINKLEY'S OFFICE IN HILLSDALE..."
MIKE HANFORD! WHAT...WHO...SAY! ISN'T THAT BIT TANNER?
YEP! AND THREE OF HIS HORSE-STEALING GANG, TOO!
SHERIFF OFFICE

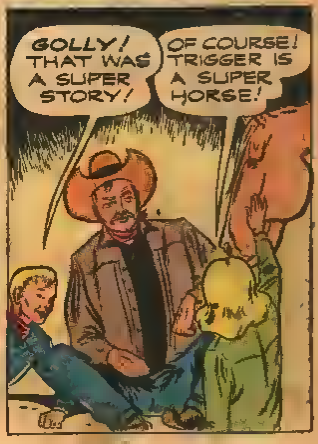
"AFTER THE FOUR WERE LOCKED UP, I LED THE SHERIFF AND A POSSE BACK TO THE DRAG-T, AND WE ROUNDED UP THE REST OF THE OUTFIT..


"ONE OF THEM TOLD US WHERE THE RANGE CORRAL WAS! MY THREE HORSES WERE THERE, ALONG WITH PLENTY MORE STOLEN STOCK..."


TANNER TALKED PLENTY LATER! LIKE I'D FIGURED, THEY'D GOTTEN TRIGGER AWAY BY BLINDFOLDING HIM..!


IF TANNER HADN'T MADE THE MISTAKE OF REMOVING THE BLINDFOLD AND TRYING TO SADDLE TRIGGER, WELL, I RECKON NEITHER OF US WOULD BE HERE TODAY!


BUT WHY DID TANNER TURN THE MUSTANGS LOOSE?
SO I'D HAVE TO TAKE THE HORSE HE LEFT... AND LAY MYSELF OPEN TO A CHARGE OF HORSE STEALING!


GOLLY! THAT WAS A SUPER STORY!
OF COURSE! TRIGGER IS A SUPER HORSE!

# Horses of the West

When Columbus brought Spanish-bred horses to the shores of the New World in 1493, there was no other form of living horseflesh on the Western Hemisphere; only the fossil remains of the original horse which had inhabited the continent for an estimated sixty million years, beginning with the Terciary period.

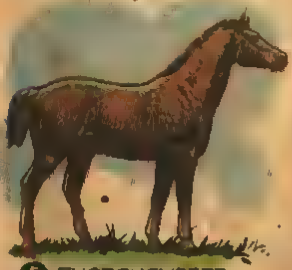
The oldest horse known, Eohippus, Fig. 1, was no larger than a rabbit and had toes instead of hoofs. In a later stage, the Mesohippus, Fig. 2, had begun to acquire tiny hoofs, and other horselike characteristics. Mesohippus was found mostly in South Dakota and Colorado, and was still no larger than a dog.

Other stages followed, until the Glacial Epoch. And then, when most nearly developed in size and appearance as we know it today, the horse disappeared from the Western Hemisphere.

During its sixty million years of development, the horse is believed to have migrated to the Old World several times. Therefore, it may well be that the Spanish conquistadores returned the horse to its true place of origin when they brought it to America, Fig 3.

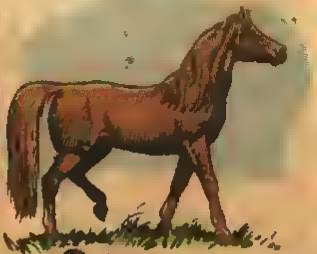
When Spanish spurs jingled and round-up campfires burned across the vast, unfenced Southwest, raiding parties of Indians were striking ranches and missions, leaving behind death and scattered livestock. The freed Spanish horses soon turned wild and wandered up into the territory which was later to become known on maps as "Wild Horse Desert." This is now the state of Texas.

Now wild and left to face the bitter, feed-short winters and the hot, dry summers of the open range, the Spanish horse gradually lost his roundness Fat was replaced by muscle, sinew and bony angles A natural docility was replaced with a biting, kicking viciousness. Thus the mustang, our only true Western horse, was self-created. Fig. 4.



THOROUGHBRED

QUARTER HORSE



ARAB

"BULLDOG" TYPE QUARTER HORSE

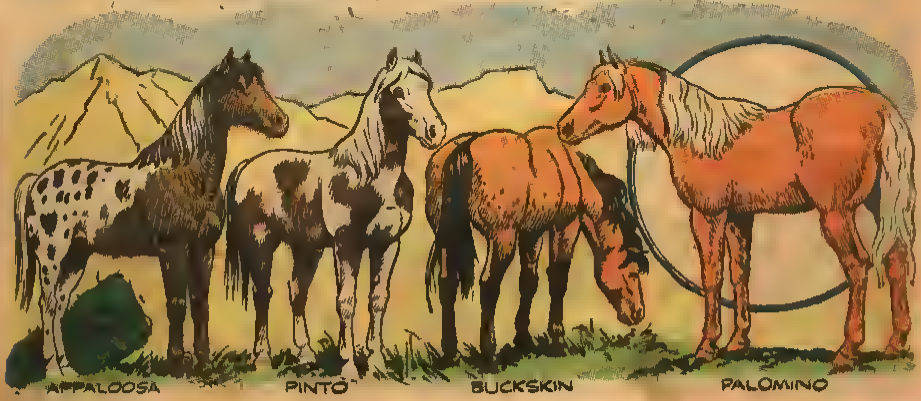
The heyday of the mustang began to fade with the swan song of the mean, hard-to-handle longhorns. Up in the Northern rim of the Cow Country, Eastern settlers were bringing the docile, beefy Hereford West. With the "Whiteface" came barbwire, to close the open range for improved breeding. The cowhorse was still as necessary as before. But now the mustang blood was being diluted with the Thoroughbred, the Percheron, the Morgan and the Clydesdale, to produce a heavier horse. The results were disappointing

Down in the Southwest, the colonial-bred "Short Horse" was being crossed with the mustang. From this union was born the Quarter Horse type used today This new saddle animal combined an equal balance of these features desired by all cattlemen weight, speed and "cow savvy."

The Quarter Horse comes in a variety of colors The most popular today is the Palomino, the golden horse with the snowy tail and mane, often called the "glamour" horse. Like the colorful pinto, the Palomino also makes a flashy parade and show horse.

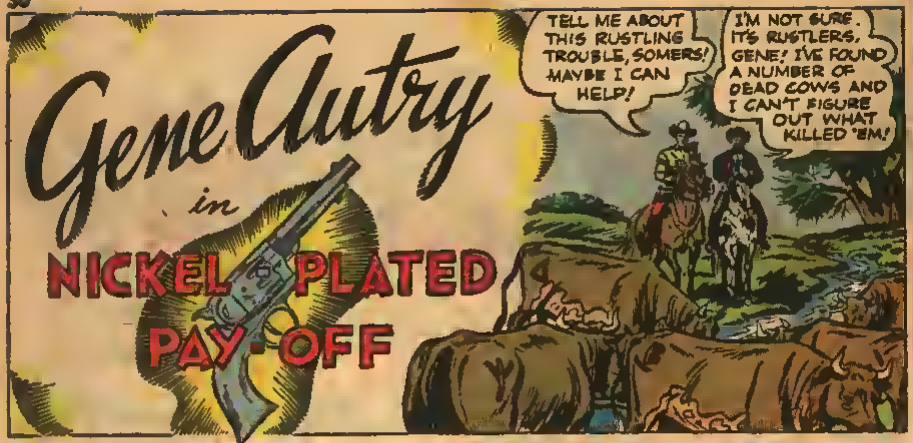
The Arabian, or so-called "Arab," is another all-purpose horse, combining beauty and utility. The Arabian Horse is believed to be the first breed of horse developed by man Outstanding features of the breed are a sharply chiseled, concave face, a high level croup and a distinctive, high tail carriage.

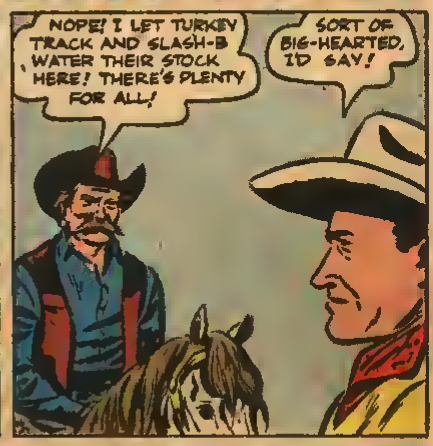
The Appaloosa, with its peculiar leopard-like markings on a white rump patch, is another favorite of the West, especially for show. But the Buckskin, or Dun, the horse with the yellow-ochre coat, black legs, tail and mane, and often a black line down the back, remains "old dependable" as a mighty tough and mighty fine all-around cowhorse



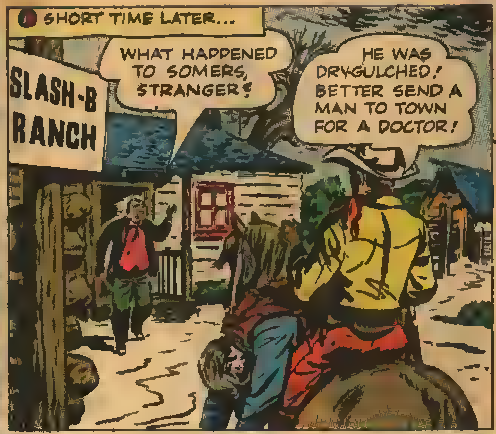
APPALOOSA PINTO BUCKSKIN PALOMINO

# Gene Autry in NICKEL PLATED PAY-OFF

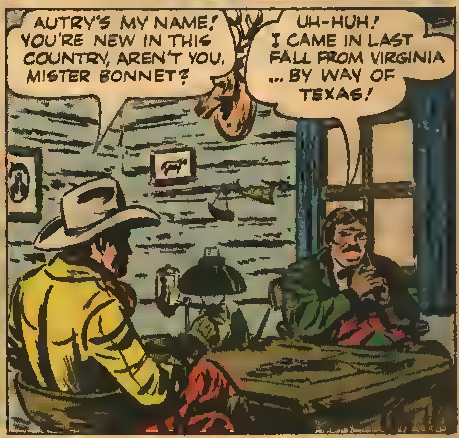




THE DIRTY BUSHWHACKER! I CAN'T LEAVE SOMERS HERE .. I'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A DOCTOR, PRONTO!

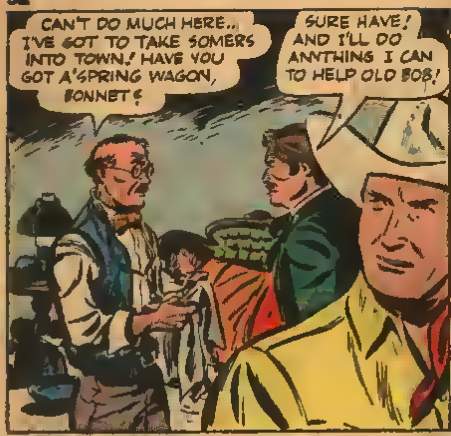

SHORT TIME LATER...
SLASH-B RANCH
WHAT HAPPENED TO SOMERS, STRANGER?
HE WAS DRYGULCHED! BETTER SEND A MAN TO TOWN FOR A DOCTOR!

WHO DID IT?
I WISH I KNEW! IT WAS A LONG-RANGE SHOT! I COULDN'T LET SOMERS BLEED TO DEATH, SO I DIDN'T TRAIL THE COYOTE!

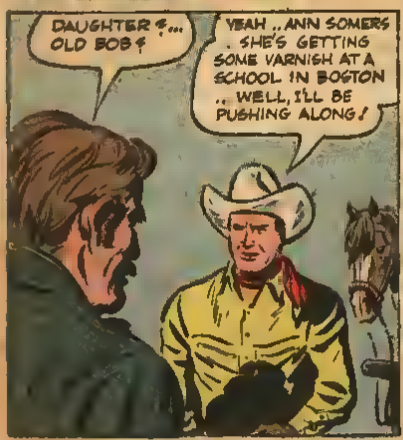

AUTRY'S MY NAME! YOU'RE NEW IN THIS COUNTRY, AREN'T YOU, MISTER BONNET?
UH-HUH! I CAME IN LAST FALL FROM VIRGINIA ... BY WAY OF TEXAS!

HM-MM ... IS THIS TEXAS STYLE ARTILLERY?
NO! SOMERS GAVE ME THAT! SORT OF A NEIGHBORLY GESTURE! FINE MAN, BOB SOMERS!

I DON'T GO FOR NICKEL-PLATED HOGLEGS MYSELF! THERE'S TOO MUCH SHINE... YOU CAN SEE THEM FORTY MILES!
MAYBE SO! AH, HERE COMES DOC BLAIR NOW!


CAN'T DO MUCH HERE... I'VE GOT TO TAKE SOMERS INTO TOWN! HAVE YOU GOT A'SPRING WAGON, BONNET?
SURE HAVE! AND I'LL DO ANYTHING I CAN TO HELP OLD BOB!

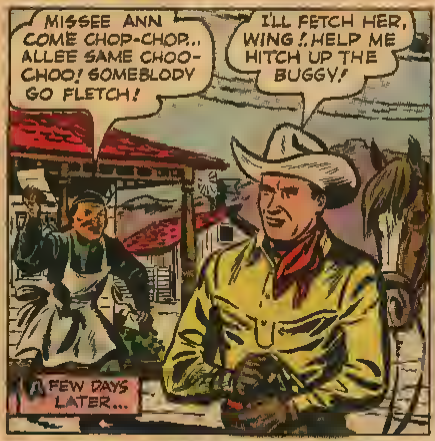
YOU'D BETTER TELEGRAPH BOB'S DAUGHTER, DOC!
I'LL DO THAT!
SLASH 8 RANCH


DAUGHTER?... OLD BOB?
YEAH ..ANN SOMERS . SHE'S GETTING SOME VARNISH AT A SCHOOL IN BOSTON .. WELL, I'LL BE PUSHING ALONG!

A LITTLE LATER AT PIE WEDGE RANCH...
US BOYS IS SURE BURNT UP ABOUT OL' BOB GETTIN' PUNCTUATED! ..AND WHEN ANN FINDS OUT, SHE'LL THROW A FIT!
BOBCAT, HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME GOIN' UP IN THE HILLS FOR A LOOKSEE?

THE SHOT CAME FROM UP HERE ..SEE, THE GROUND'S SCUFFED UP SOME!
HE MUST'VE WRAPPED HIS HOSS'S FEET IN RAWHIDE... INJUN STYLE! HE DIDN'T LEAVE NO TRACKS!

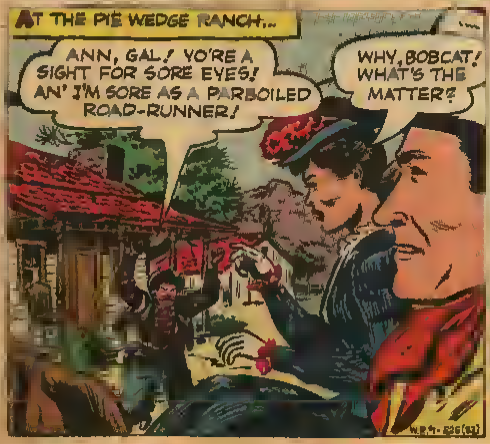
ANY IDEA WHO IT WAS, BOBCAT?
NARY A ONE! BOB DIDN'T HAVE NO ENEMIES .'CEPT HIMSELF. HE'S TOO DERN EASYGOIN'!

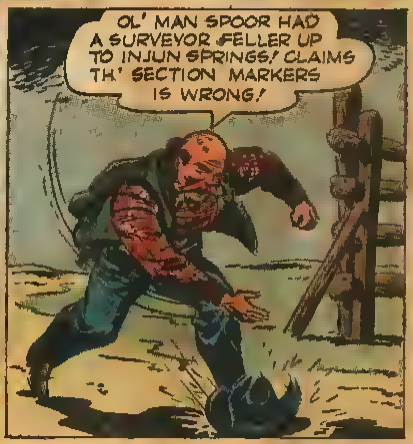

MISSEE ANN COME CHOP-CHOP.. ALLEE SAME CHOO-CHOO! SOMEBLODY GO FLETCH!
I'LL FETCH HER, WING! HELP ME HITCH UP THE BUGGY!
A FEW DAYS LATER...

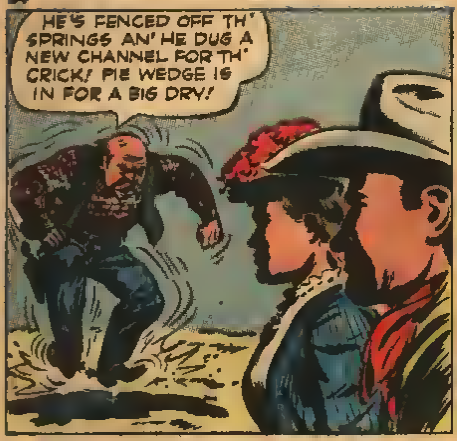
GENE AUTRY! SO NICE OF YOU TO COME! HOW'S MY FATHER?
OLD BOB'S PERKED UP A HEAP SINCE HE HEARD YOU WERE COMIN'!
WILLCOX

HE'S HERE AT DOC BLAIR'S... A BIT WEAK, BUT HE'S CLIMBIN' THE GRADE SLOWLY!
THE OLD BEAR! GETTING HIMSELF SHOT THAT WAY! HE NEEDS ME AROUND... I CAN SEE THAT!
DR. BLAIR DOCTOR

AN' YOU DIDN'T SEE ANY SIGN OF THAT BUZZARD THAT THREW DOWN ON ME, EH, GENE?
NOT A HAIR, BOB! HE'S A SLICK CUSTOMER! BUT HE'LL SLIP UP SOMEWHERE AND THEN WE'LL NAIL HIM!


AT THE PIE WEDGE RANCH...
ANN, GAL! YO'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES! AN' I'M SORE AS A PARBOILED ROAD-RUNNER!
WHY, BOBCAT! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

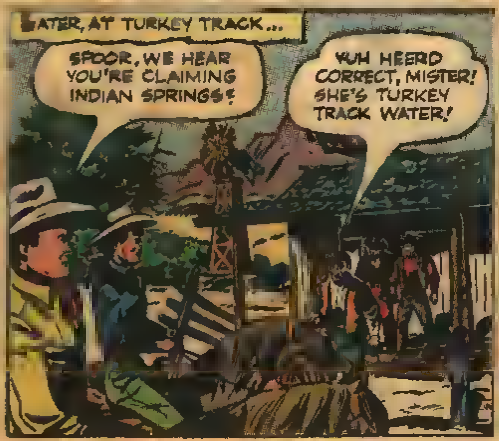

OL' MAN SPOOR HAD A SURVEYOR FELLER UP TO INJUN SPRINGS! CLAIMS TH' SECTION MARKERS IS WRONG!


HE'S FENCED OFF TH' SPRINGS AN' HE DUG A NEW CHANNEL FOR TH' CRICK! PIE WEDGE IS IN FOR A BIG DRY!

WHY...THAT'S PLAIN LAND STEALING! INDIAN SPRINGS IS PIE WEDGE PROPERTY-ALWAYS HAS BEEN!
NOT ACCORDIN' TUH SPOOR! HE CLAIMS DIFFERENT!

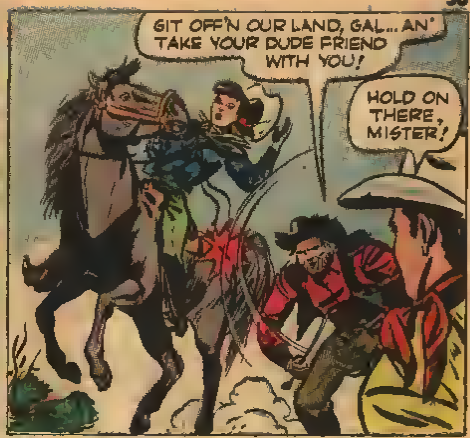
THERE'S A POLECAT IN THE HAYSTACK, BOBCAT! I THINK I'LL MEANDER OVER TO SPOOR'S PLACE!
SADDLE DUSKY FOR ME! I'M GOING ALONG!

MEBBE ME AN' THE BOYS BETTER GO WITH YUH, AUTRY!
NO! THAT'D MAKE IT LOOK TOO MUCH LIKE A WAR PARTY! WE'LL AVOID TROUBLE...IF WE CAN!


ATER, AT TURKEY TRACK...
SPOOR, WE HEAR YOU'RE CLAIMING INDIAN SPRINGS?
YUH HEERD CORRECT, MISTER! SHE'S TURKEY TRACK WATER!

BUT...YOU CAN'T DO THAT, MISTER SPOOR! FATHER FILED ON INDIAN SPRINGS AND IT'S RECORDED IN THE LAND OFFICE AT SAFFORD!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MISS!

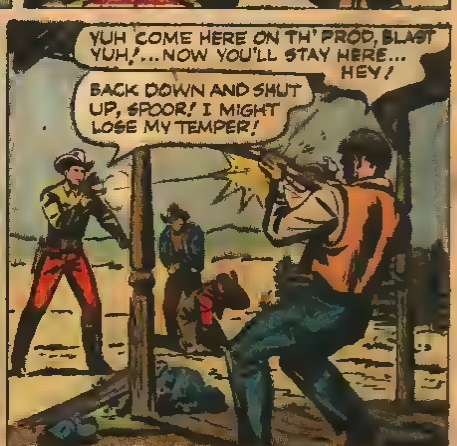
BUT... THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE...
I'LL SAY THERE IS! YOU MADE A MISTAKE COMIN' TO TURKEY TRACK WITH YOUR HIGHFALUTIN' WAYS...


GIT OFF'N OUR LAND, GAL... AN' TAKE YOUR DUDE FRIEND WITH YOU!
HOLD ON THERE, MISTER!

HOLD NUTHIN'! I'LL MUGS YOU UP SOME, FELLER, JUST FOR A APPETIZER!
REGULAR RINGTAIL, AREN'T YOU?

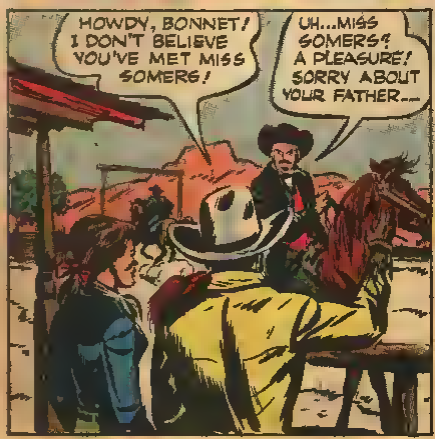
BUT YOU PICKED THE WRONG MAN TO TANGLE WITH!
I'LL GIT HIM, POP!

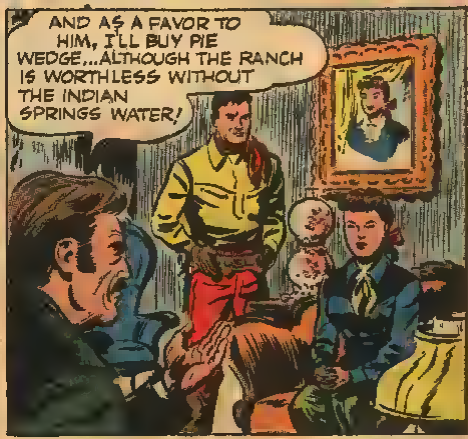
DROP IT, SONNY... BEFORE THE SKY FALLS ON YOU! I'M NOT FOOLIN'!
OW-WW!


YUH COME HERE ON TH' PROD, BLAST YUH!... NOW YOU'LL STAY HERE... HEY!
BACK DOWN AND SHUT UP, SPOOR! I MIGHT LOSE MY TEMPER!

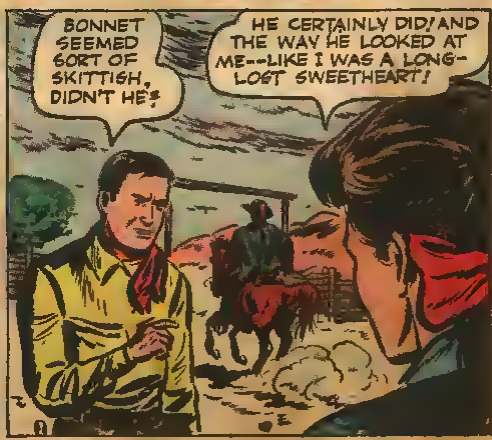
ALL RIGHT, ANN, I'LL COVER THESE VARMINTS WHILE YOU LEAVE ... THAT WAY, YOU WON'T GET SHOT IN THE BACK LIKE YOUR FATHER!

LATER AT PIE WEDGE ...
BOBCAT, I WANT YOU TO CHECK THE LAND OFFICE AT SAFFORD! GET AN AFFIDAVIT FROM THE RECORDER, AND THEN HOP BACK LIKE YOU HAD A BURR UNDER YOUR BLANKET!
CHECK, GENE!


HOWDY, BONNET! I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'VE MET MISS SOMERS!
UH...MISS SOMERS? A PLEASURE! SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER....

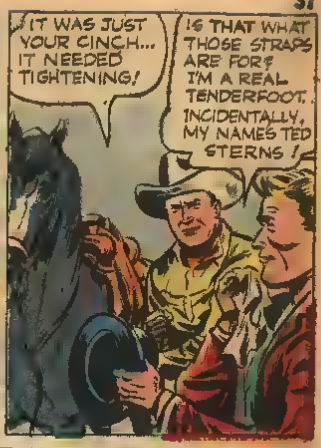

AND AS A FAVOR TO HIM, I'LL BUY PIE WEDGE...ALTHOUGH THE RANCH IS WORTHLESS WITHOUT THE INDIAN SPRINGS WATER!

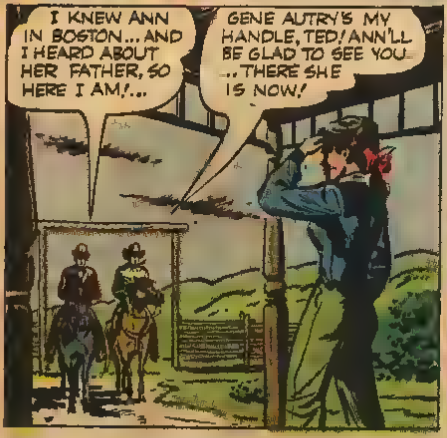
THANK YOU, MISTER BONNET, BUT WE AREN'T SELLING PIE WEDGE! WHY, IT'S UNTHINKABLE!
WELL, IF YOU EVER CHANGE YOUR MIND... GOOD DAY, MISS SOMERS!


BONNET SEEMED SORT OF SKITTISH, DIDN'T HE?
HE CERTAINLY DID! AND THE WAY HE LOOKED AT ME--LIKE I WAS A LONG-LOST SWEETHEART!

LOOKS LIKE THAT HOMBRE IS HAVING AN ARGUMENT WITH HIS HORSE AND THE HORSE IS GETTING THE BEST OF IT!
LATER...

NEED A LITTLE HELP, STRANGER?
LOOKS LIKE I NEED A NURSE, DOESN'T IT?

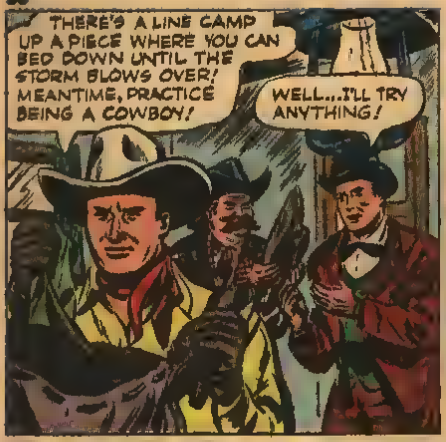

IT WAS JUST YOUR CINCH... IT NEEDED TIGHTENING!
IS THAT WHAT THOSE STRAPS ARE FOR? I'M A REAL TENDERFOOT. INCIDENTALLY, MY NAME'S TED STERNS!

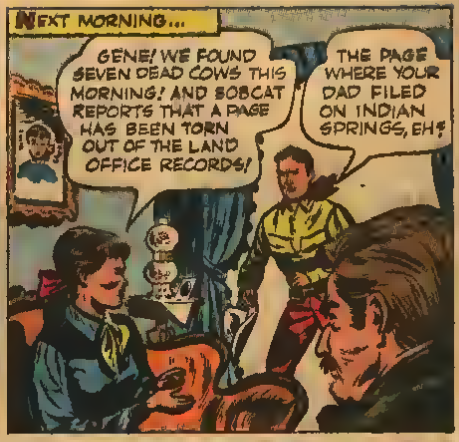

I KNEW ANN IN BOSTON... AND I HEARD ABOUT HER FATHER, SO HERE I AM!...
GENE AUTRY'S MY HANDLE, TED! ANN'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU... THERE SHE IS NOW!

TED STERNS! WHAT BROUGHT YOU TO THE WILD WEST?
YOU DID, ANN! I'M STILL HOPING YOU'LL SAY... YES!

I'M SORRY, TED! I JUST CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT THESE DAYS!... GIVE ME TIME .....
WHY... CERTAINLY, ANN! I DIDN'T MEAN TO RUSH YOU! I'LL GO BACK TO BOSTON, AND....

SHE'S GOT TROUBLES, TED!... TAKE A STRANGER'S ADVICE AND STICK AROUND FOR A BIT! BUT.... LAY LOW!
HOW CAN I DO THAT?


THERE'S A LINE CAMP UP A PIECE WHERE YOU CAN BED DOWN UNTIL THE STORM BLOWS OVER! MEANTIME, PRACTICE BEING A COWBOY!
WELL...I'LL TRY ANYTHING!

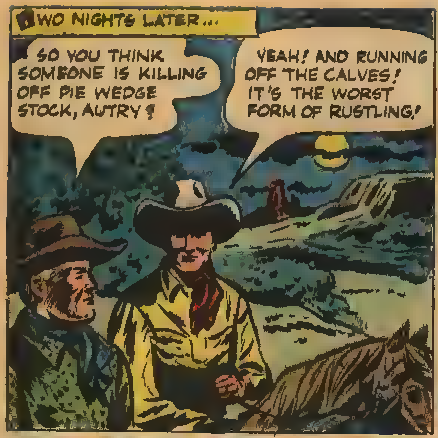

NEXT MORNING...
GENE! WE FOUND SEVEN DEAD COWS THIS MORNING! AND BOBCAT REPORTS THAT A PAGE HAS BEEN TORN OUT OF THE LAND OFFICE RECORDS!
THE PAGE WHERE YOUR DAD FILED ON INDIAN SPRINGS, EH?

PIE WEDGE IS SLIPPING, ANN! COWS NEED WATER! MY OFFER TO BUY STILL STANDS!
THOSE COWS DIDN'T DIE OF THIRST, BONNET! THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF SEEPAGE...

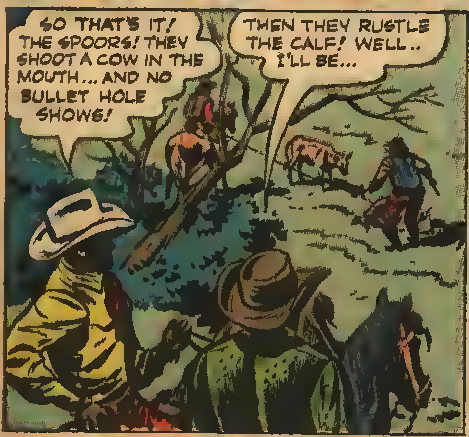
WERE THERE ANY DOGIES AROUND THAT DEAD STOCK, ANN?
NO..COME TO THINK OF IT, NOT A SINGLE CALF! AND THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN!

THAT'S A LOVELY PORTRAIT! IT COULD BE YOU, MY CHILD!
IT'S MY MOTHER, MISTER BONNET! IT WAS PAINTED RIGHT AFTER THE WAR ENDED! SHE... DIED WHEN I WAS A BABY!

MOTHER'S BURIED HERE! PERHAPS YOU SEE NOW WHY DADDY AND I COULD NEVER SELL PIE WEDGE! IT HOLDS...MEMORIES!
AH...YES! MEMORIES! WELL, I MUST BE GOING!

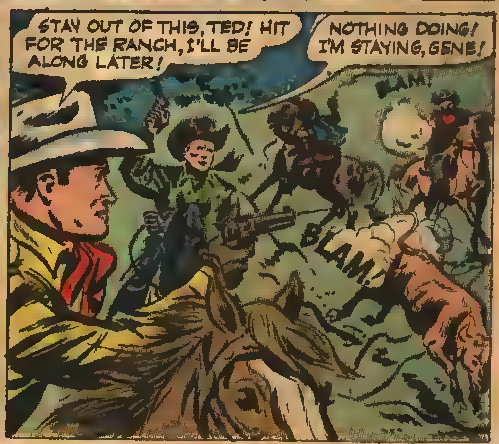

TWO NIGHTS LATER...
SO YOU THINK SOMEONE IS KILLING OFF PIE WEDGE STOCK, AUTRY?
YEAH! AND RUNNING OFF THE CALVES! IT'S THE WORST FORM OF RUSTLING!

PSS-ST! HOLD IT, TED!

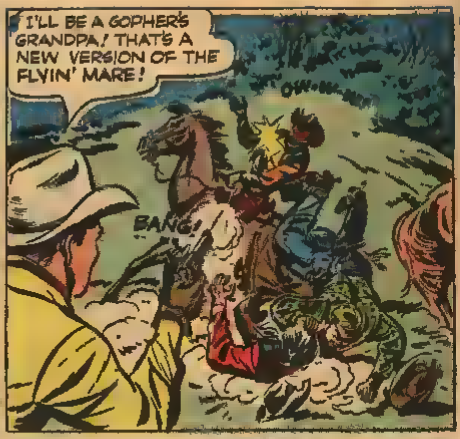

SO THAT'S IT! THE SPOORS! THEY SHOOT A COW IN THE MOUTH... AND NO BULLET HOLE SHOWS!
THEN THEY RUSTLE THE CALF! WELL.. I'LL BE...

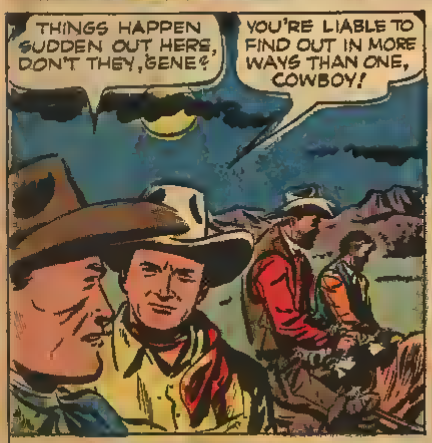
DON'T PULL THE TRIGGER, COTTON!

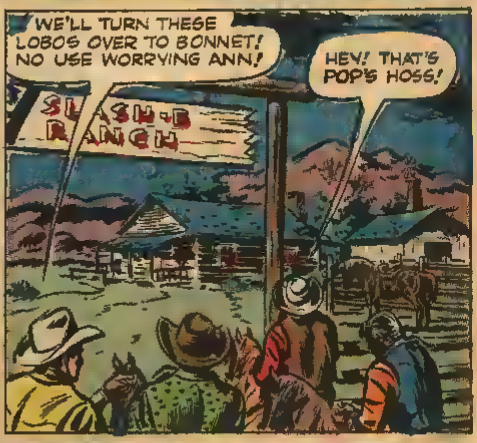
IT'S THAT FELLER FROM PIE WEDGE! CUT HIM DOWN, COTTON!
WAIT'LL I GET ON MY HOSS! YOU'RE SHOOTING WIDE, TWITCH!
BLAM!


STAY OUT OF THIS, TED! HIT FOR THE RANCH, I'LL BE ALONG LATER!
NOTHING DOING! I'M STAYING, GENE!
BLAM!
BLAM!

I SAID... GIT! ANN WOULD MURDER ME IF SHE KNEW YOU WERE HERE.. HEY!


I'LL BE A GOPHER'S GRANDPA! THAT'S A NEW VERSION OF THE FLYIN' MARE!
OW
BANG!


THINGS HAPPEN SUDDEN OUT HERE, DON'T THEY, GENE?
YOU'RE LIABLE TO FIND OUT IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, COWBOY!


WE'LL TURN THESE LOBOS OVER TO BONNET! NO USE WORRYING ANN!
HEY! THAT'S POP'S HOSS!
SLASH-B RANCH

HOLD THESE HOMBRES AWAY FROM THE HOUSE, TED! IF SPOOR'S INSIDE, THERE COULD BE TROUBLE! I'LL CALL BONNET OUT!

ARE YOU IN THERE, BONNET?
BR-RRANG
CRASH

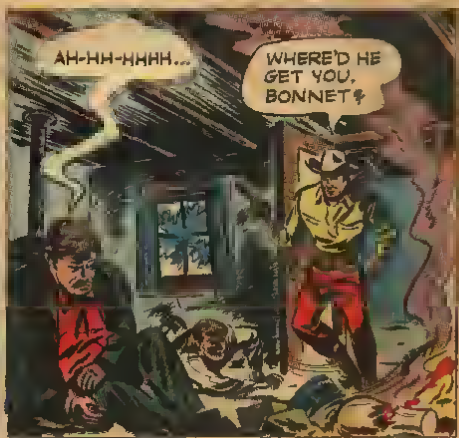
RECKON I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THAT TROUBLE BUSINESS!
BANG!

LOOK OUT! HERE I... COME!
CRASH!

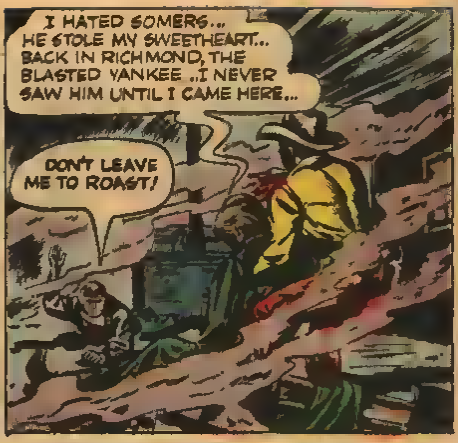
IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS I WISH I COULD SEE LIKE AN OWL!
BANG!
CRACK!

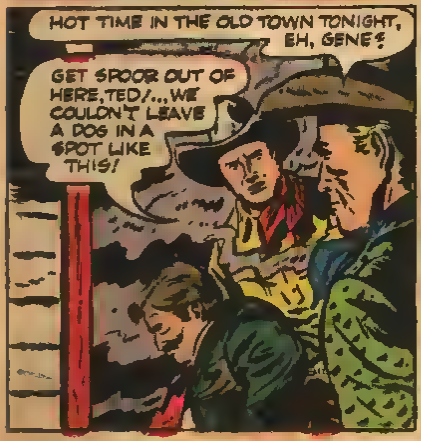
HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU, BONNET... IF THAT'S WHO YOU ARE!
AH-HH-HH! DON'T SHOOT AGAIN, MISTER! DON'T...

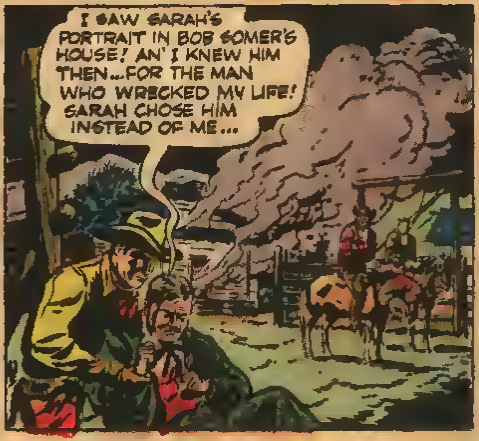
AUTRY!... HOW'D YOU SPOT ME IN IN TH' DARK... BLAST YUH!
SPOOR! ...USIN' BONNET'S NICKEL-PLATED COLT GUN! THAT WAS A MISTAKE, MISTER! IT SHINES LIKE A HEADLIGHT!


AH-HH-HHHH...
WHERE'D HE GET YOU, BONNET?

I'M DONE, AUTRY! TELL BOB SOMERS HE WINS...AFTER ALL!... MY LUCK'S RUN OUT...
DON'T TALK, MAN! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS FIRETRAP!


I HATED SOMERS... HE STOLE MY SWEETHEART... BACK IN RICHMOND, THE BLASTED YANKEE ..I NEVER SAW HIM UNTIL I CAME HERE...
DON'T LEAVE ME TO ROAST!

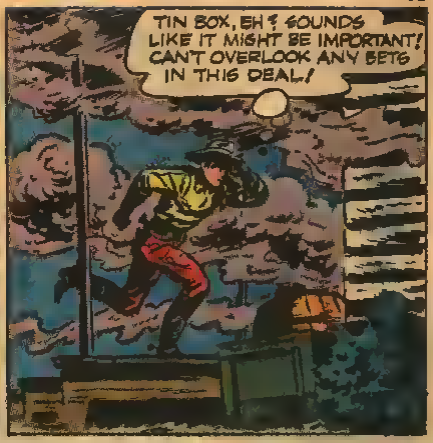

HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT, EH, GENE?
GET SPOOR OUT OF HERE, TED!... WE COULDN'T LEAVE A DOG IN A SPOT LIKE THIS!

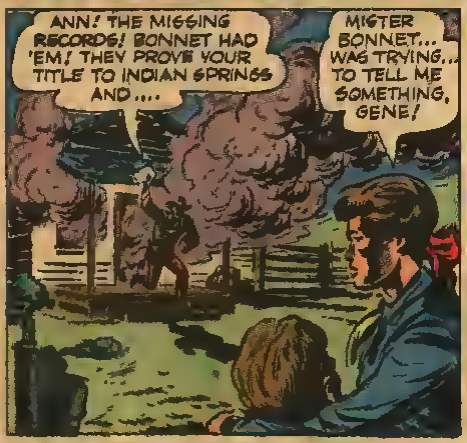

I SAW SARAH'S PORTRAIT IN BOB SOMER'S HOUSE! AN' I KNEW HIM THEN...FOR THE MAN WHO WRECKED MY LIFE! SARAH CHOSE HIM INSTEAD OF ME...

WHEN I FOUND HIM, I MEANT TO RUIN HIM! I HIRED SPOOR TO KILL HIM! SPOOR BUNGLED... BUT GOT ORNERY!
WE ARGUED AN' SPOOR SHOT ME WITH THAT NICKEL-PLATED GUN...

GENE! WE SAW THE FIRE! OH...MISTER BONNET! IS HE...
DEAD? NO, ANN...BUT HE'S THE SNAKE BEHIND ALL THE PIE WEDGE TROUBLE!

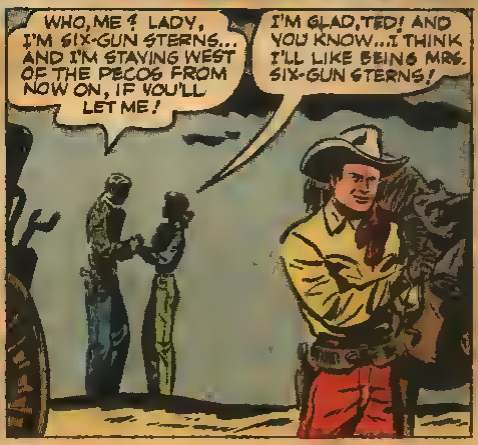
PIE WEDGE! GET THE TIN BOX... LEFT-HAND DRAWER... THE DESK....
NO, GENE! THE HOUSE IS A FURNACE!


TIN BOX, EH? SOUNDS LIKE IT MIGHT BE IMPORTANT! CAN'T OVERLOOK ANY BETS IN THIS DEAL!


ANN! THE MISSING RECORDS! BONNET HAD 'EM! THEY PROVE YOUR TITLE TO INDIAN SPRINGS AND....
MISTER BONNET... WAS TRYING... TO TELL ME SOMETHING, GENE!

HE WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT ALL YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER, ANN!
YEAH! I GOT THREE OF THEM TROUBLES RIGHT HERE...HOOSEGOW BOUND!

I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU, ANN...IF YOU'LL LISTEN...
WHY, TED, I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE BACK TO BOSTON!


WHO, ME? LADY, I'M SIX-GUN STERNS... AND I'M STAYING WEST OF THE PECOS FROM NOW ON, IF YOU'LL LET ME!
I'M GLAD, TED! AND YOU KNOW...I THINK I'LL LIKE BEING MRS. SIX-GUN STERNS!

# Red River Valley

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Slowly *mp*

N. E. PEARSON

1. From this val - ley they say you are go - ing,— I sh
I've been think-ing a long time, my dar - ling!— Of the
2. I have prom-ised you dar - ling that nev - er,— Shall the
When you think of the val - ley you're leav - ing,— Oh! how

miss your sweet face and your smile, (your - smile) Just be-cause you are wea-ry and
sweet words you nev - er would say, (would - say) Now a - las, must the fond hopes all
words from my lips cause you pain, (cause you pain) And my life it shall be yours for-
lons-ly and drear it would be, (it would be) When you think of the fond hearts you're

tir - ed,— You are chang - ing your range for a while.
van - ish?— For they say you are go - ing a - way.
ev - er,— If — you on - ly love me a - gain.
break-ing,— And the pain you are caus - ing to - me.

Refrain

*mp*

Then come sit here a while ere you leave us,— Do not

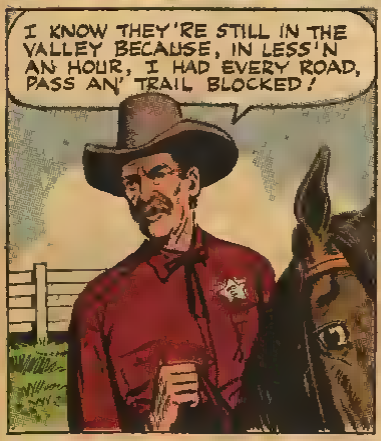
hast-en to bid us a - dieu,— Just re - mem-ber the Red Riv-

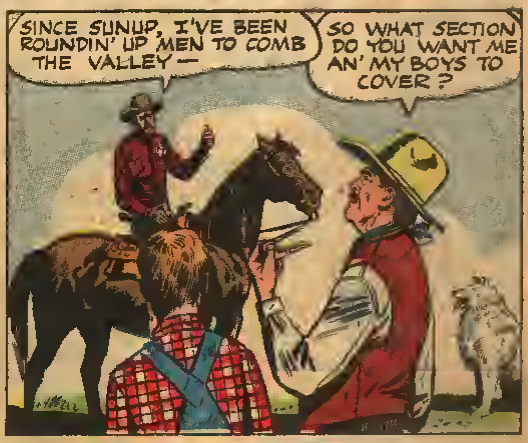
Val - ley,— And the cow-boy who loved you so true.

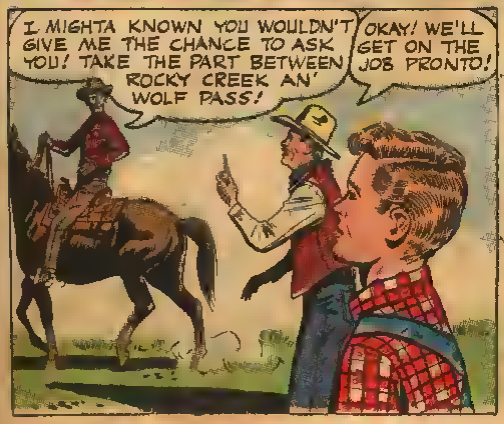
# Champion in KILLER TROUBLE

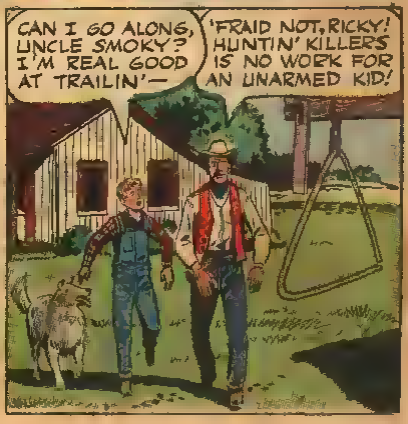
HOWDY, SHERIFF! WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT TO THE FLYIN'-A SO EARLY IN THE MORNING?

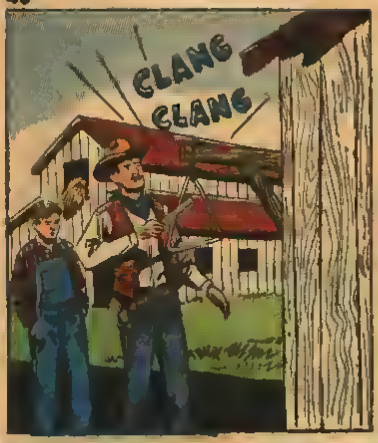
BROD DENBY BROKE CLIFF BATES OUT O'JAIL LAST NIGHT! AN' HE KILLED MY DEPUTY DOIN' IT!



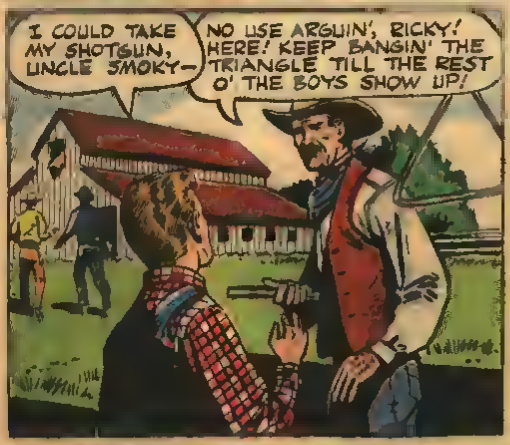




CLANG
CLANG

WHAT'S UP, BOSS?
KILLER TROUBLE! SADDLE UP! WE'RE RIDIN' MUY PRONTO!


I COULD TAKE MY SHOTGUN, UNCLE SMOKY—
NO USE ARGUIN', RICKY! HERE! KEEP BANGIN' THE TRIANGLE TILL THE REST O' THE BOYS SHOW UP!

IT RILES ME, TOO, REBEL! I CAN ROPE AN' READ SIGN AS GOOD AS MOST O' HIS COWHANDS!
WRUFF-UFFF!

I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO SPROUT A LONG GRAY BEARD BEFORE UNCLE SMOKY WILL ADMIT I'M GROWNUP!

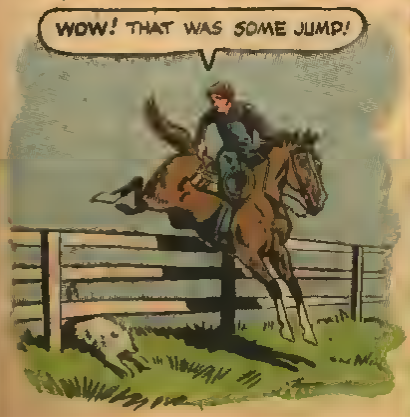
ARF! ARF!
NOT NOW, REBEL! CHAMP'S OVER IN THE COTTONWOODS! LET'S GET HIM AN' PRACTISE OUR STUNTS FOR THE RODEO NEXT MONTH!

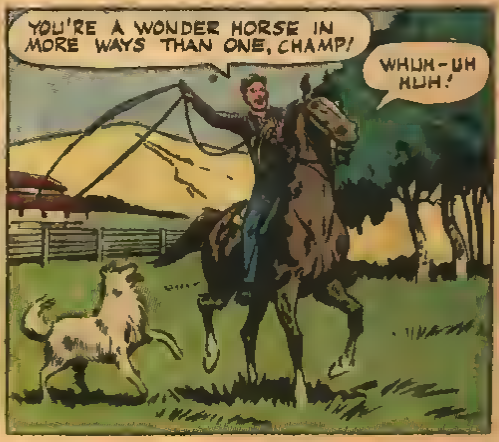
WH-E-E-E-E-T!

HI, FELLA!

HOLD STILL, YOU RASCAL! OR I'M LIABLE TO GET THIS LATIGO TWISTED!

HIT IT HIGH, CHAMP!

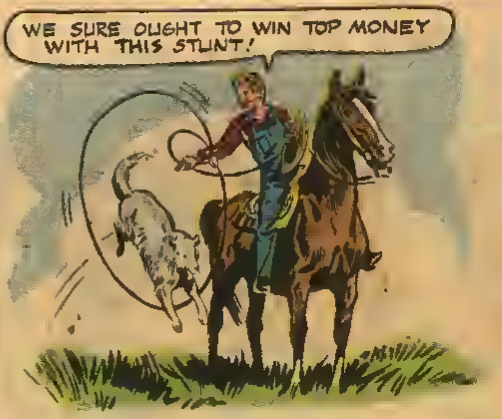

WOW! THAT WAS SOME JUMP!

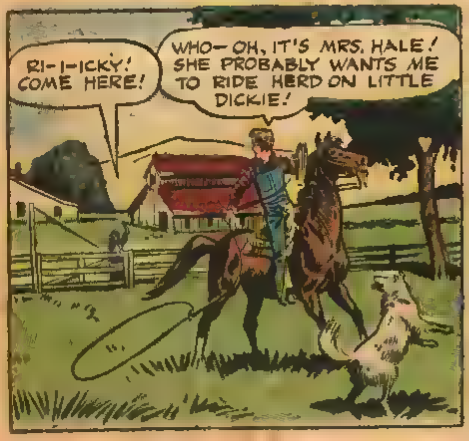

YOU'RE A WONDER HORSE IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, CHAMP!
WHUH-UH HUH!

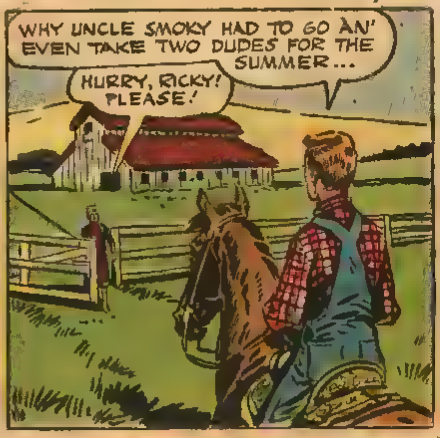
READY FOR THE ROPE TRICK, REBEL?
ARF! ARF!

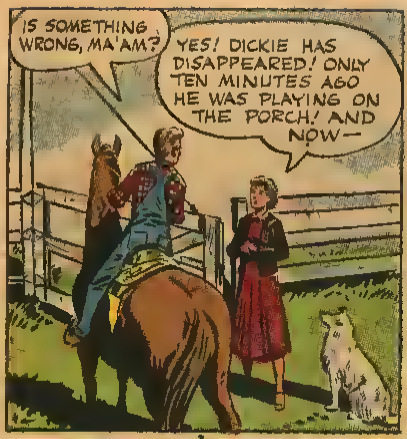
SURE WISH I WAS BUILDIN' THIS LOOP TO TOSS AT DENBY OR BATES!

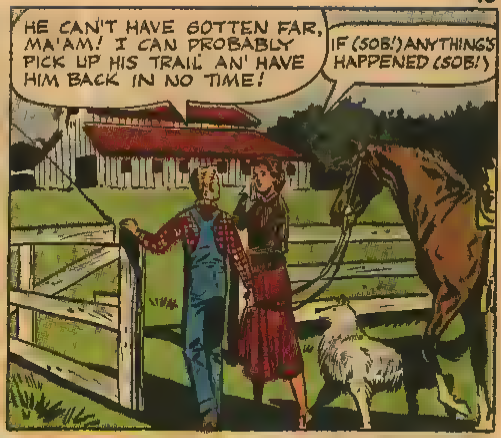
OKAY, REBEL! LET'S GO!

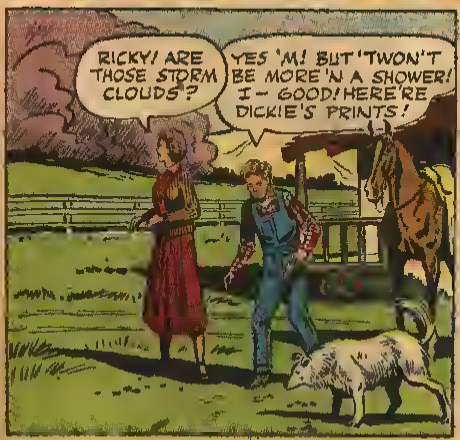

WE SURE OUGHT TO WIN TOP MONEY WITH THIS STUNT!

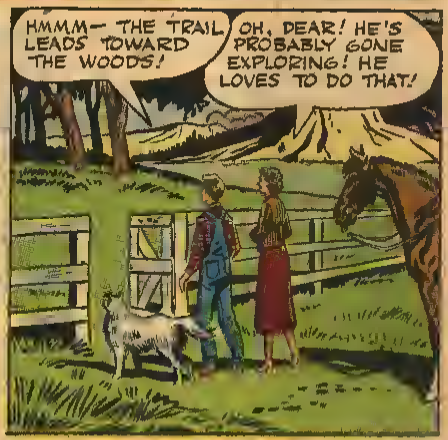

RI-I-ICKY! COME HERE!
WHO—OH, IT'S MRS. HALE! SHE PROBABLY WANTS ME TO RIDE HERD ON LITTLE DICKIE!


WHY UNCLE SMOKY HAD TO GO AN' EVEN TAKE TWO DUDES FOR THE SUMMER...
HURRY, RICKY! PLEASE!


IS SOMETHING WRONG, MA'AM?
YES! DICKIE HAS DISAPPEARED! ONLY TEN MINUTES AGO HE WAS PLAYING ON THE PORCH! AND NOW—


HE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR, MA'AM! I CAN PROBABLY PICK UP HIS TRAIL AN' HAVE HIM BACK IN NO TIME!
IF (SOB!) ANYTHING'S HAPPENED (SOB!)

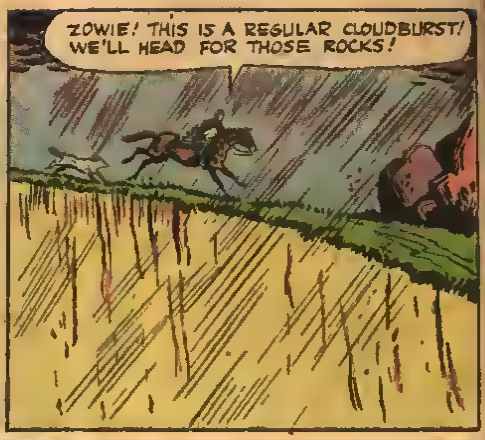

RICKY! ARE THOSE STORM CLOUDS?
YES 'M! BUT 'TWON'T BE MORE 'N A SHOWER! I— GOOD! HERE'RE DICKIE'S PRINTS!


HMMM— THE TRAIL LEADS TOWARD THE WOODS!
OH, DEAR! HE'S PROBABLY GONE EXPLORING! HE LOVES TO DO THAT!

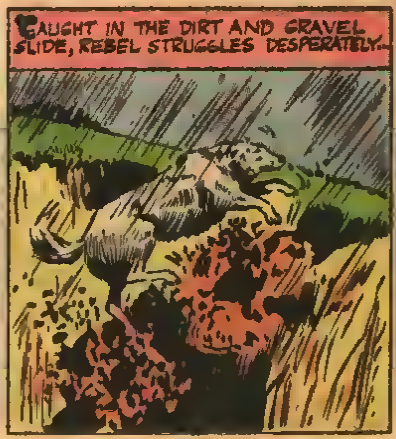
DON'T WORRY, MA'AM! WITH CHAMP AN' REBEL HELPIN', I'LL FIND HIM PRONTO!

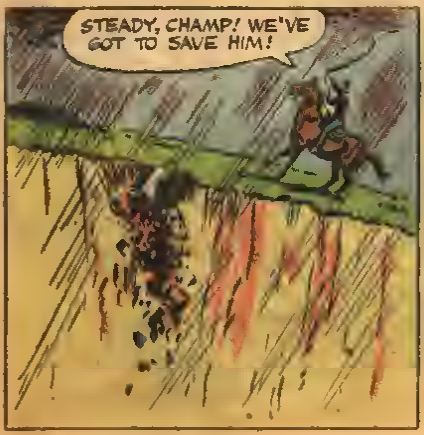
LUCKY THE GROUND'S SOFT HERE! HIS TRACKS ARE PLENTY PLAIN!

OH-OH! RECKON WE'RE IN FOR A WETTIN', FELLAS!


ZOWIE! THIS IS A REGULAR CLOUDBURST! WE'LL HEAD FOR THOSE ROCKS!

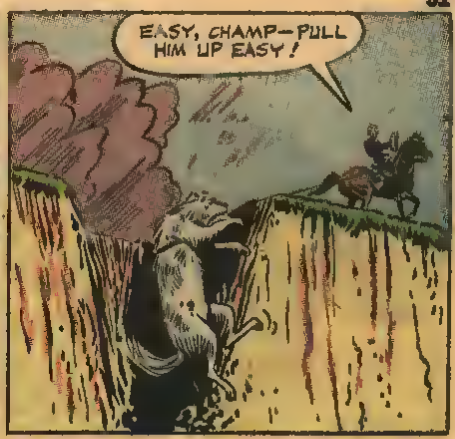
GOOD GRIEF! THE GROUND GAVE WAY!
KRR-R-RUFF!


CAUGHT IN THE DIRT AND GRAVEL SLIDE, REBEL STRUGGLES DESPERATELY...


STEADY, CHAMP! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!

IT'S A SLIM CHANCE— BUT IF I CAN DAB THIS LOOP ON HIM!

I GOT HIM!

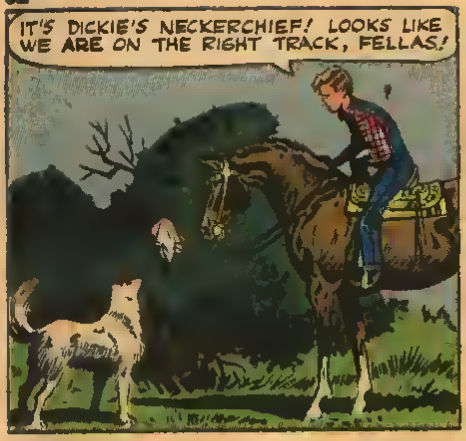

EASY, CHAMP—PULL HIM UP EASY!

GOSH, REBEL! I SURE THOUGHT YOU WERE A GONER!

ARF!
MEANIN' YOU'RE OKAY, EH? WELL, YOU ARE—AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, EXCEPT FOR A FEW SCRAPED PLACES!

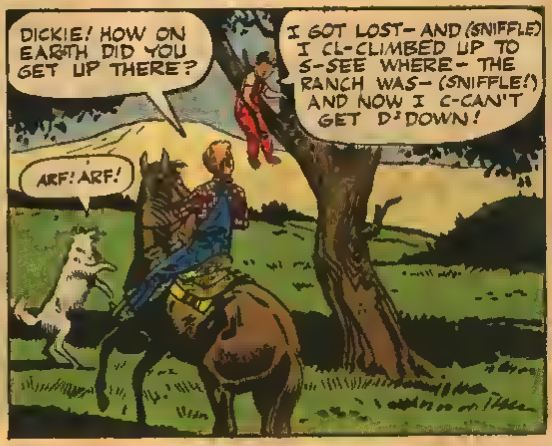
WE'LL HAVE TO TRUST TO LUCK FROM HERE ON! THAT RAIN'S WASHED OUT DICKIE'S TRACKS! GUESS IT'S OVER NOW—JUST A SUMMER STORM!

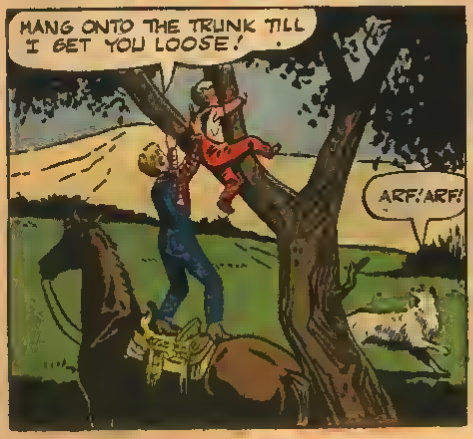
GRR-OWWL!
WHAT'S UP, REBEL? FIND SOMETHING?

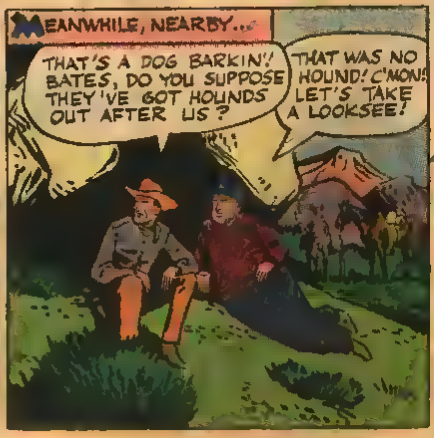

IT'S DICKIE'S NECKERCHIEF! LOOKS LIKE WE ARE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, FELLAS!

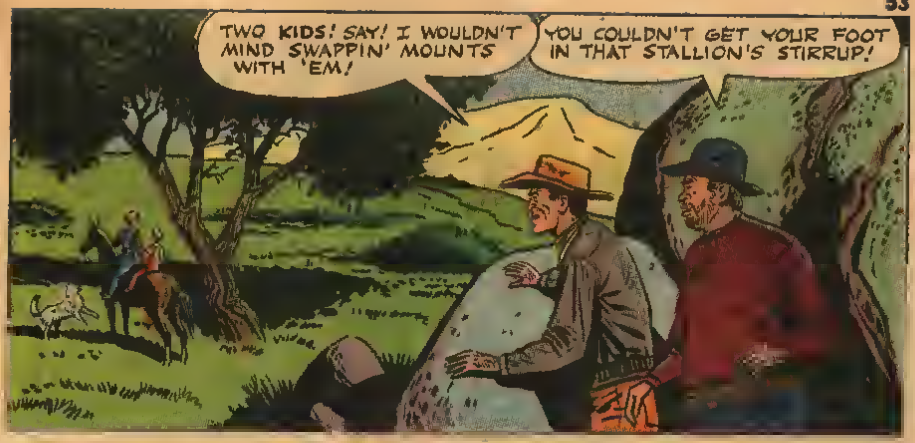
HE MUST HAVE COME THIS WAY!

H-E-L-P!
THAT'S DICKIE'S VOICE! MOVE, CHAMP!

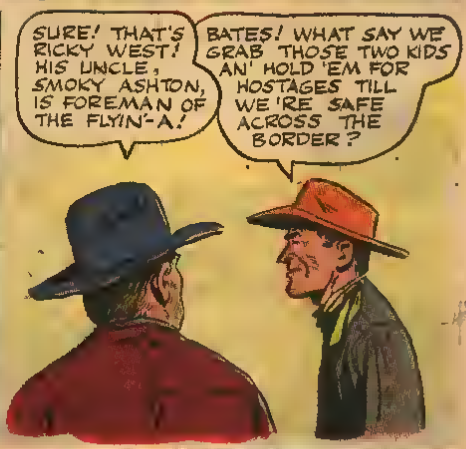

DICKIE! HOW ON EARTH DID YOU GET UP THERE?
I GOT LOST- AND (SNIFFLE) I CL-CLIMBED UP TO S-SEE WHERE- THE RANCH WAS- (SNIFFLE!) AND NOW I C-CAN'T GET D-DOWN!
ARF! ARF!


HANG ONTO THE TRUNK TILL I GET YOU LOOSE!
ARF! ARF!


MEANWHILE, NEARBY...
THAT'S A DOG BARKIN'! BATES, DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'VE GOT HOUNDS OUT AFTER US?
THAT WAS NO HOUND! C'MON! LET'S TAKE A LOOKSEE!

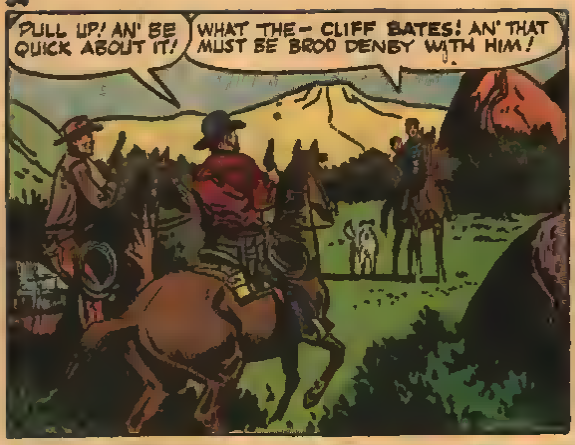

TWO KIDS! SAY! I WOULDN'T MIND SWAPPIN' MOUNTS WITH 'EM!
YOU COULDN'T GET YOUR FOOT IN THAT STALLION'S STIRRUP!

THAT'S CHAMPION, THE WORLD'S WONDER HORSE! HE'S MIGHTY PARTICULAR ABOUT WHO RIDES HIM!
WELL, THAT KID'S DOIN' IT, AIN'T HE?


SURE! THAT'S RICKY WEST! HIS UNCLE, SMOKY ASHTON, IS FOREMAN OF THE FLYIN'-A!
BATES! WHAT SAY WE GRAB THOSE TWO KIDS AN' HOLD 'EM FOR HOSTAGES TILL WE'RE SAFE ACROSS THE BORDER?

A GREAT IDEA! LET'S GO!
WE'D BETTER STEP ON IT! THEY'RE TAILIN' OUT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WHAT'S AILIN' YOU TWO? DID YOU SPOT A RATTLER?
GRRR-OWLLL!

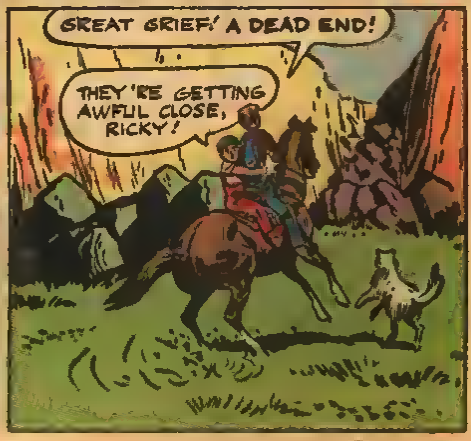

PULL UP! AN' BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
WHAT THE— CLIFF BATES! AN' THAT MUST BE BROD DENBY WITH HIM!

RUN, CHAMP!

WE'LL NEVER CATCH THAT HORSE IN A DOZEN YEARS!
RIGHT! WE'LL HAVE TO RISK A COUPLE OF SHOTS IN TH' AIR!

BANG! BANG!
RICKY! I'M S-SCARED!
ME, TOO! BUT THE SOUND OF THOSE SHOTS WILL CARRY FAR! AN' IF UNCLE SMOKY OR THE BOYS HEAR 'EM—

SAY, WE'RE NOT FAR FROM WOLF PASS! IF WE CAN CUT THROUGH THAT CANYON YONDER—


GREAT GRIEF! A DEAD END!
THEY'RE GETTING AWFUL CLOSE, RICKY!

REBEL! GET UNCLE SMOKY! PRONTO!
WR-UF!

QUICK, DICKIE! SLIDE OFF AN' HEAD UP INTO THOSE ROCKS!
B-BUT THEY'LL COME AFTER US!

I HOPE THEY DO! 'CAUSE THEN THEY'LL HAVE TO DISMOUNT AN'— HURRY! HERE THEY COME!

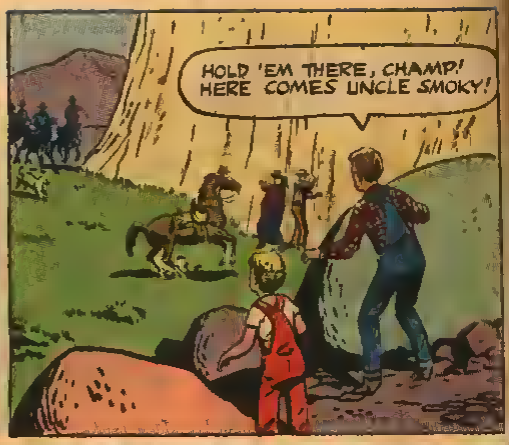
BATES! THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY!
THEY WON'T GET FAR! FALL OUT O' THAT SADDLE!

GO TO IT, CHAMP! GET 'EM!

YOW!
WHAT IN BLAZES?
WHUH-UH-EEE!

CALL HIM OFF! HE'LL KILL US!
NOT WHILE I CAN SQUEEZE A TRIGGER!

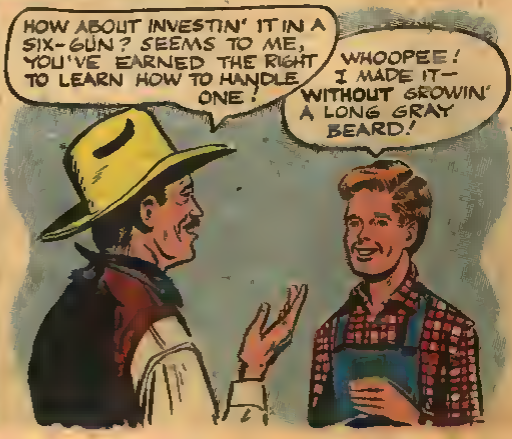
YE-OWW!
THAT TAKES CARE OF YOUR GUN, MISTER!


HOLD 'EM THERE, CHAMP! HERE COMES UNCLE SMOKY!

BATES AN' DENBY!
AN' RICKY AN' DICKIE! WHAT IN THUNDER'S GOIN' ON HERE?

QUICKLY RICKY EXPLAINS...
BY GLORY, RICKY! I'M GLADDER EVERY DAY YOU'VE GOT PALS LIKE REBEL AN' CHAMP!
BELIEVE ME, UNCLE SMOKY, SO AM I!

THE NEXT DAY...
THERE WAS A REWARD FOR THOSE TWO, RICKY! HERE'S YOUR SHARE!
FIFTY DOLLARS! GOSH!


HOW ABOUT INVESTIN' IT IN A SIX-GUN? SEEMS TO ME, YOU'VE EARNED THE RIGHT TO LEARN HOW TO HANDLE ONE!
WHOOPEE! I MADE IT— WITHOUT GROWIN' A LONG GRAY BEARD!

# LET'S GO to the RODEO

The RODEO! No one word in the English language brings into sharp focus such an exciting medley of sounds, smells, and sensations as does RODEO. The blaring of a brass band, the bawling of cattle, clouds of dust, and the excitement of anticipated thrills all parade before the senses—brought to life by these five letters.

The rodeo, Spanish for roundup, as we know it today, has been a long time in its development. Its beginnings stem from the series of cowboy contests which were part of every big roundup, when the cattle were unfenced and cattle herds intermingled. It was the time when the men from neighboring ranches met to gather and separate their herds, usually twice a year, to brand and [illegible] their cattle. After a day's work, tall [illegible] and boastful men [illegible] each night were part of the [illegible] contests to [illegible] up a man's claim about [illegible] with rope and [illegible] Naturally [illegible] these came our present day rodeos.

Public interest in these cowboy contests began to grow. On July 4, 1883, a big contest, where prizes were awarded to the winners, was staged on the flat adjoining the county courthouse at Pecos, Texas. That was the commercial beginning of rodeos as we presently know them.

As time passed, non-cowboy interest continued to grow in these contests, variously called Cowboy Tournaments, Stampedes, Roundups, and Frontier Days (the term Rodeo didn't come into general use until about 1916). Then someone decided the public would PAY to see these events. Thus, five years later to the day after the first PUBLIC Rodeo at Pecos, admission was charged to a Rodeo at Prescott in the Territory of Arizona.

Rodeos began to be big business. Every year, more and more persons were paying to see cowboys pit themselves against the bucking bronc and the wall-eyed steer. In the year of America's entry into World War I, 1917, the first INDOOR Rodeo was held in the Stockyards Coliseum in Ft. Worth, Texas. At first, these [illegible] were confined to the West, Midwest, and Canada, but in 1916 the Rodeo came East. Brooklyn, of course, was the city chosen. Ten years later, Madison Square Garden held its first Rodeo.

The next stride forward in the development of the Rodeo, as one of America's biggest sporting attractions, was the formation of the Rodeo Associations of America in 1929. [illegible] California, purpose [illegible] organization was a further interest [illegible] conflicting dates for events [illegible] award authentic titles. [illegible] charged with and became known as the International Rodeo Association. [illegible] headquarters are in Pendleton, [illegible]

[illegible] by the IRA, the five major [illegible] are Saddle bronc riding, [illegible] bronc riding, bull dogging, [illegible] and bull riding.

Events [illegible] bucking horses or cattle are judged on a point system. Roping events are judged on a time system.

[illegible] awarded by International Rodeo Association are determined by the amount of money a contestant has won in a year's time.

On the following pages, you will learn in detail about the five major rodeo events and some of the more exciting minor ones. Come along with us as we take you to the RODEO!

# Bronc Riding

## ... RODEO STYLE

THE RIDING OF SADDLE BRONCS IN THE RODEOS IS GOVERNED BY A STRICT SET OF RULES AND DIFFERS GREATLY FROM THE HORSE-BREAKER'S JOB. THE RODEO RIDER CAN'T HOPE TO WIN ANY PRIZE MONEY UNLESS HIS HORSE BUCKS HARD, SO HE DOES EVERYTHING TO ENCOURAGE HIM. THE HORSE IS GIVEN EVERY ADVANTAGE OVER THE COWBOY. HORSES ARE USUALLY SADDLED IN A CHUTE AND THE COWBOY MOUNTS FROM THE CHUTE GATE. RIDING IS DONE WITH A PLAIN HALTER AND ONLY ONE REIN, WHICH IS MADE OF A THREE OR FOUR-STRAND BRAIDED COTTON ROPE WHICH CAN'T BE LARGER THAN ONE INCH IN DIAMETER. IT CAN'T BE TAPED, KNOTTED, OR WRAPPED AROUND THE RIDER'S HAND. THE COWBOY MUST RIDE WITH ONE HAND FREE AND IS NOT PERMITTED TO TOUCH THE HORSE OR SADDLE IN ORDER TO HELP HIM KEEP HIS BALANCE. NOR CAN HE CHANGE HANDS ON THE ROPE. THE RIDING REIN AND HAND MUST BE ON THE SAME SIDE.

SADDLES USED ARE THE REGULATION ASSOCIATION TREE, FURNISHED BY THE MANAGEMENT. THE HORSE MUST BE SPURRED THE FIRST JUMP OUT OF THE CHUTE, AND THE BRONC RIDER MUST CONTINUE TO SPUR THROUGHOUT THE RIDE TO THE SATISFACTION OF THE JUDGES. TEN SECONDS ARE ALLOWED EACH RIDER FROM THE TIME HIS HORSE LEAVES THE CHUTE UNTIL THE TIMER BLOWS HIS WHISTLE. THERE ARE USUALLY TWO JUDGES, BUT SOMETIMES THREE ARE USED. THE COWBOY MAY BE DISQUALIFIED FOR ANY OF THE FOLLOWING OFFENSES... BEING BUCKED OFF... CHEATING IN ANY MANNER... PULLING LEATHER... CHANGING HANDS ON REIN... LOSING A STIRRUP... OR NOT BEING READY TO RIDE WHEN CALLED. A RE-RIDE IS GIVEN IF THE HORSE FAILS TO BUCK.

# Bareback Riding

THE RIDING OF BAREBACK HORSES IN THE RODEOS IS A LOT DIFFERENT FROM SADDLE-BRONC RIDING. THE BAREBACK RIDER DOES NOT HAVE THE FORK, CANTLE AND STIRRUPS OF THE SADDLE TO PROTECT HIM. AND HE DOESNT HAVE A ROPE REIN. THE HORSE'S HEAD IS FREE. THE TECHNIQUE OF RIDING BAREBACK HORSES ALSO IS DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF SADDLE-BRONC RIDING. THE SADDLE-BRONC RIDER GRIPS THE FORK OF THE SADDLE WITH HIS THIGHS AND KNEES AND USES THE ROPE REIN TO HELP HIM KEEP HIS BALANCE. AND HE USES HIS STIRRUPS TO EASE THE JOLTING WHEN THE HORSE HITS THE GROUND. THE BAREBACK RIDER HAS ONLY A BAREBACK RIGGING ON THE HORSE. THIS RIGGING IS A FLAT PIECE OF LEATHER WITH A HANDHOLD IN THE CENTER. IT IS EQUIPPED WITH A CINCH AND LATIGOS. THE COWBOY RIDES ENTIRELY ON BALANCE. IN THE OLD DAYS A ROPE SURCINGLE WAS USED BUT MANY COWBOYS RODE ONLY WITH A MANE-HOLD.

IN BAREBACK RIDING, THE RODEO ASSOCIATION PERMITS ONLY THE USE OF A ONE-HAND RIGGING. RIDERS MAY USE THEIR OWN RIGGING, IF IT IS NOT OVER TEN INCHES IN WIDTH AT THE HANDHOLD. AS IN OTHER EVENTS, THE RIDER MAY BE ENTITLED TO A RE-RIDE IF HE IS KNOCKED FROM HIS HORSE WHEN LEAVING THE CHUTE. SOMETIME THE HORSE WILL REFUSE TO BUCK HIS RIDER. IN THIS CASE, THE COWBOY IS ALLOWED A RE-RIDE. THE RIDER MUST SPUR HIS MOUNT THE FIRST JUMP OUT OF THE CHUTE AND CONTINUE TO DO SO THROUGHOUT THE RIDE TO THE SATISFACTION OF THE JUDGES. EIGHT SECONDS ARE ALLOWED FROM THE TIME THE HORSE STARTS FROM THE CHUTE UNTIL THE TIMER BLOWS HIS WHISTLE. DURING THE RIDE, THE RIDER MUST NOT TOUCH THE HORSE WITH HIS FREE HAND OR HE WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.

# Steer Roping

GOOD STEER ROPING HORSES ARE HARD TO FIND. THEY MUST BE BIG AND STRONG ENOUGH TO THROW A THOUSAND POUND STEER. AND THEY MUST BE EXTREMELY INTELLIGENT.

THERE ARE TWO SINGLE STEER ROPING EVENTS IN THE RODEO—SINGLE DALLY STEER ROPING OR STEER STOPPING—AND SINGLE STEER TYING. STEER STOPPING IS COMPARATIVELY SIMPLE. THE COWBOY STARTS AFTER THE STEER WHEN IT CROSSES THE DEADLINE. HE IS ALLOWED ONLY ONE THROW. IF HE MISSES, HE MUST RETIRE FROM THE ARENA. THE STEER MUST BE ROPED BY THE HEAD OR HORNS, OR HEAD AND ONE HORN. IF THE COWBOY PICKS UP ONE FRONT FOOT IN THE LOOP, HE IS PENALIZED FIVE SECONDS. TIME IS TAKEN FROM THE INSTANT THE STEER CROSSES THE DEADLINE UNTIL THE RIDER HAS ROPED AND STOPPED THE STEER. THE COWBOY'S HORSE AND STEER MUST BE FACING. THERE IS A TEN-SECOND PENALTY IF THE RIDER BREAKS THE BARRIER.

SINGLE STEER TYING IS MORE DIFFICULT THAN STEER STOPPING. THE COWBOY MUST ROPE THE STEER BY THE HEAD OR HORNS, OR HEAD AND ONE HORN, AND ONE FRONT FOOT MAY BE GATHERED UP IN THE LOOP. HIS ROPE IS TIED HARD AND FAST TO THE SADDLE HORN. THE STEER MUST BE THROWN TO THE GROUND EITHER BY "BUSTING" HIM OR RUNNING AROUND HIM AND TRIPPING HIM. THEN THE RIDER MUST CROSS AND TIE ANY THREE FEET. AFTER THE ROPER SIGNALS A COMPLETED TIE, HE MUST MOUNT HIS HORSE AND RIDE TOWARD THE STEER, TAKING ALL SLACK OUT OF THE ROPE UNTIL THE JUDGES HAVE EXAMINED THE TIE. ROPER CANNOT TOUCH THE STEER AFTER GIVING THE FINISH SIGNAL. THERE IS A PENALTY OF TEN SECONDS FOR BREAKING THE BARRIER AND FIVE SECONDS FOR PICKING UP A FRONT FOOT.

# Steer Wrestling

## OR BULLDOGGING

BILL PICKETT, A TEXAS NEGRO COWBOY, ORIGINATED THE ART OF BULLDOGGING. "KETCH DOGS" WERE USED IN THE BRUSHY PART OF SOUTH TEXAS TO BRING WILD CATTLE OUT OF THE TANGLES. BILL WATCHED A BULLDOG WORK. HE WORRIED THE STEER UNTIL IT CHARGED HIM, AFTER WHICH HE FASTENED HIS TEETH IN THE CRITTER'S NOSE, THROWING HIM TAIL-OVER-HEAD FOR WHAT IS KNOWN AS A "HOOLIHAN." WHEN BILL STARTED "DOGGING," HE RACED AFTER A RUNNING STEER, JUMPED FROM HIS HORSE, "RASSLED" THE CRITTER DOWN AND HELD HIM FLAT ON THE GROUND BY SINKING HIS TEETH IN THE STEER'S NOSE.

TODAY STEER WRESTLING, AS SEEN IN THE RODEOS, IS CONTROLLED BY RULES SET FORTH BY THE RODEO ASSOCIATION. THE CATTLE ARE SELECTED FOR UNIFORMITY IN WIDTH OF HORNS AND FOR WEIGHT, THE AVERAGE BEING ABOUT EIGHT HUNDRED POUNDS. EACH STEER WRESTLER IS ALLOWED ONE HELPER OR "HAZER." THE HAZER'S DUTY IS TO KEEP THE STEER RUNNING STRAIGHT. AFTER THE WRESTLER HAS LEAPED FROM HIS HORSE AND CAUGHT THE STEER, THE HAZER MUST LEAVE THE ARENA. THE STEER MUST BE BROUGHT TO A STOP AND THEN TWISTED DOWN. IN THE EVENT THE STEER IS ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKED DOWN OR "HOOLIHANED" BEFORE BEING BROUGHT TO A STOP, IT MUST BE LET UP ON ALL FOUR FEET AND THEN THROWN. THE STEER WILL BE CONSIDERED DOWN ONLY WHEN LYING FLAT ON ITS SIDE, ALL FOUR FEET OUT AND HEAD STRAIGHT. THERE IS A TIME LIMIT OF TWO MINUTES IN THIS EVENT. IF THE WRESTLER HAS NOT THROWN HIS STEER IN TWO MINUTES, HE MUST RETIRE FROM THE ARENA AND FORFEIT HIS ENTRY FEE. TWO OR THREE TIMERS ARE USUALLY USED IN THIS EVENT.

# Bull Riding

THE UNGAINLY HUMPBACKED BRAHMA CATTLE ARE USED IN PRESENT-DAY RODEOS IN THE BULL RIDING EVENT. THESE BRAHMAS ARE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS AND WHEN "RILED UP" DO NOT HESITATE TO ATTACK A MAN ON HORSEBACK. THEY ARE GREAT JUMPERS AND IT IS NOT UNUSUAL FOR A BRAHMA TO CLEAR A SEVEN-FOOT FENCE WITH EASE. THE COWBOYS WHO FOLLOW THE RODEOS AND MAKE A BUSINESS OF BULL RIDING ARE ENGAGED IN A RISKY PROFESSION. BRAHMA BULLS FIGHT THE CHUTES AND HOOK AT THE COWBOYS WHEN THEY TRY TO MOUNT THEM. SOME OF THEM EVEN ATTEMPT TO BITE THE RIDERS. AND WHEN A COWBOY IS THROWN, THE BULL ALMOST INVARIABLY ATTACKS HIM. THAT IS THE REASON THE RODEO CLOWNS ARE ALWAYS IN THE ARENA DURING THIS EVENT—TO DISTRACT THE BULL'S ATTENTION.

RULES OF THE RODEO REQUIRE THAT ALL BULLS BE NUMBERED AND THE RIDERS DRAW FOR THEIR MOUNTS. HEAD FIGHTING BULLS MUST BE DEHORNED OR HAVE THE HORNS BLUNTED. RIDING IS DONE WITH ONE HAND AND A LOOSE ROPE. THE ROPE CANNOT HAVE KNOTS OR HITCHES. IT IS PASSED AROUND THE BULL'S BODY, THROUGH A HONDA, AND BACK INTO THE RIDER'S HAND. A COWBELL IS USUALLY ATTACHED TO THE LOOSE ROPE. EIGHT SECONDS ARE ALLOWED FOR THE RIDE. TIME STARTS WHEN BULL LEAVES THE CHUTE AND FINISHES WHEN THE TIMER BLOWS HIS WHISTLE. RIDERS WHO ARE KNOCKED OFF LEAVING THE CHUTE, OR, IF THE BULL FALLS, GET A RE-RIDE AT THE DISCRETION OF THE JUDGES. A BULL RIDER MAY BE DISQUALIFIED IF HE CHEATS IN ANY MANNER, IF HE IS NOT READY WHEN CALLED, IF HE BUCKS OFF, IF HE TOUCHES THE ANIMAL WITH HIS FREE HAND, OR SPURS THE BULL IN THE CHUTE. OTHERWISE, BULL RIDING IS A CINCH.

# The Rodeo Clown

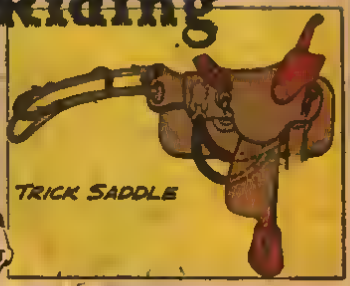
RODEO CLOWNS...THOSE FUNNY LITTLE GUYS IN OUTLANDISH DRESS... ARE NOT ONLY AMUSING, BUT VERY COURAGEOUS. WITH NO WEAPON SAVE THEIR WITS AND NIMBLE FEET, THESE BULLFIGHTERS IN BAGGY BRITCHES REGULARLY ENDANGER THEIR LIVES IN ORDER TO SAVE THOSE OF OTHERS.

ONCE AN ENRAGED BRAHMA BULL SUCCEEDS IN DISLODGING THE HATED RIDER FROM HIS BACK, HIS NEXT ACTION IS TO GORE AND TRAMPLE ANYTHING IN SIGHT. THAT'S WHEN THE RODEO CLOWN TAKES OVER HIS REAL DUTIES.

AFTER A RIDER HITS THE DIRT, THE CLOWN DASHES IN FRONT OF THE BULL AND DISTRACTS THE BULL'S ATTENTION FROM THE THROWN RIDER TO HIMSELF. COMBINING CHUCKLES AND THRILLS IMPARTIALLY, THE CLOWN MAY HOP INTO AN ESPECIALLY-REINFORCED BARREL, GRIP HANDLES SET IN THE BOTTOM, AND LET THE BULL TOSS HIM ABOUT THE ARENA. OR, HE MAY RUN IN FRONT OF THE BULL WITH A MINUTE LASSO, PRETENDING TO ROPE THE BULL, BUT ACTUALLY RISKING LIFE AND LIMB SO THAT THE DOWNED CONTESTANT MAY ESCAPE SAFELY.

WHATEVER MEANS THE CLOWN USES TO TURN THE BULL'S WRATH TO HIMSELF, HE PERFORMS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT JOBS AT THE RODEO.

# Rodeo Trick Riding




TRICK RIDING, ONE OF THE RODEO'S MOST COLORFUL, SPECTACULAR AND DANGEROUS FEATURED EVENTS, HAD ITS BEGINNINGS IN THE ARENAS OF ANCIENT ROME. THERE THE SPORT OF "RIDING ROMAN," AS WE KNOW IT TODAY, ORIGINATED.

IN THE HANDS OF THE DAREDEVIL AMERICAN COWBOY, TRICK RIDING BECAME EVEN MORE DANGEROUS AND THRILL-PACKED. OLD STUNTS WERE MADE MORE DIFFICULT, AND NEW ONES WERE CREATED.

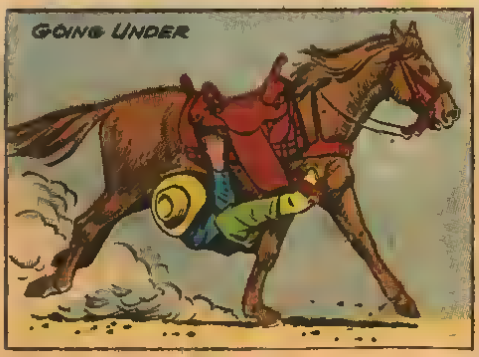
ONE OF THE EARLIEST TRICK RIDING STUNTS OF COWBOY ORIGIN IS CALLED "GOING UNDER," CONCEIVED AND FIRST EXECUTED BY "MONTANA" JACK RAY IN 1910.

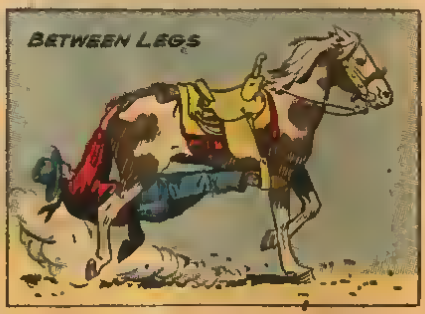
THE "GOING UNDER" CONSISTS OF GOING DOWN ONE SIDE OF A RUNNING HORSE, PASSING UNDER ITS BELLY, UP THE OTHER SIDE, AND INTO THE SADDLE. FROM THIS THRILLER STEMMED SOME OF THE MOST DANGEROUS STUNTS USED TODAY.

AMONG THESE ARE "GOING UNDER THE NECK" AND THE BLOODCHILLING "GOING BETWEEN THE HIND LEGS." FROM THE TRICK RIDER'S POINT OF VIEW, GOING UNDER THE HORSE'S NECK IS A MORE DANGEROUS FEAT THAN GOING UNDER THE BELLY BECAUSE OF THE EVER-PRESENT CHANCE OF TRIPPING THE HORSE, CAUSING IT TO FALL FORWARD ON THE RIDER.

THE "IMPOSSIBLE" FEAT OF SLIDING DOWN OVER THE RUMP OF A RUNNING HORSE AND PASSING, FEET FOREMOST, BETWEEN THE FLYING HIND LEGS TO AN "UNDER THE BELLY" POSITION, FROM WHICH HE COULD CRAWL UP THE HORSE'S SIDE AND INTO HIS SADDLE, WAS FIRST DONE BY "SUICIDE" TED ELDER, A PEER AMONG TRICK RIDERS.

THIS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT STUNT HAS BEEN SOMEWHAT SIMPLIFIED BY A SPECIAL RIG, SHOWN ATTACHED TO THE BACK OF THE TRICK SADDLE SKETCHED ABOVE. HAND SLINGS, USED TO CRAWL UNDER THE BELLY, ARE ALSO SHOWN.

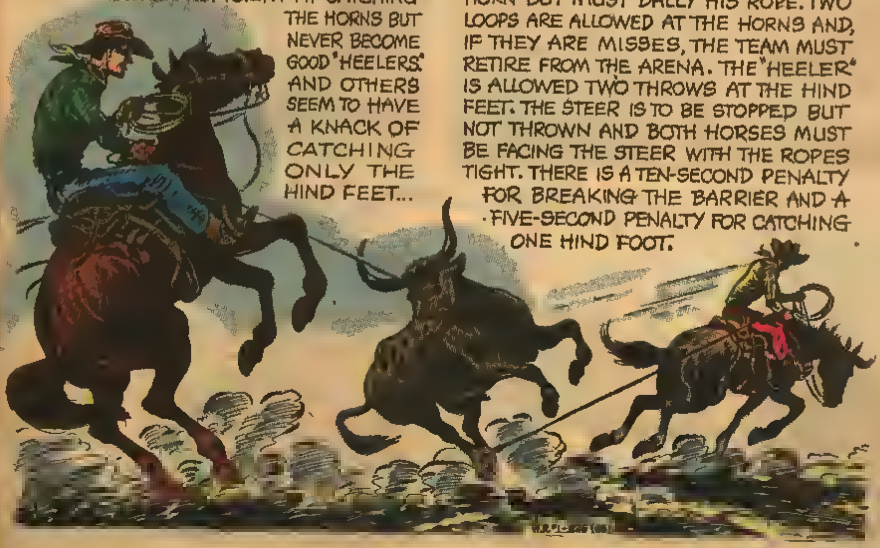


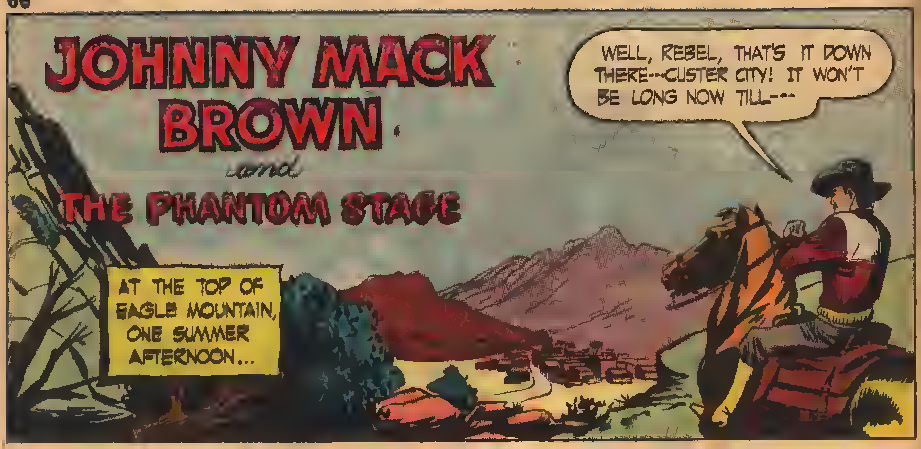
# TEAM ROPING

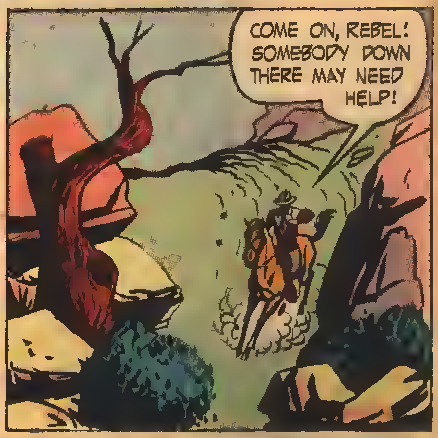
COWBOYS WORKING ON THE RANGE OFTEN FIND IT NECESSARY TO ROPE AND TIE DOWN A STEER IN ORDER TO DOCTOR IT OR TO EXAMINE A BRAND. WHEN TWO COWBOYS ARE WORKING TOGETHER, THIS IS NOT DIFFICULT. ONE OF THEM ROPES THE CRITTER BY THE HORNS AND THE OTHER CATCHES THE HIND FEET AND THROWS IT TO THE GROUND. SOME COWBOYS BECOME PROFICIENT AT CATCHING THE HORNS BUT NEVER BECOME GOOD "HEELERS." AND OTHERS SEEM TO HAVE A KNACK OF CATCHING ONLY THE HIND FEET...

TEAM ROPING, AS SEEN IN THE RODEOS, IS AN OUTGROWTH OF THIS USUAL CHORE OF A COWBOY'S LIFE, BUT IS CONTROLLED BY A STRICT SET OF RULES. THE STEER IS ALLOWED TO CROSS A DEADLINE BEFORE THE COWBOYS TAKE AFTER HIM. THE STEER MUST BE ROPED FIRST BY THE HEAD OR HORNS. THE COWBOY IS NOT ALLOWED TO TIE HIS ROPE TO THE SADDLE HORN BUT MUST "DALLY" HIS ROPE. TWO LOOPS ARE ALLOWED AT THE HORNS AND, IF THEY ARE MISSES, THE TEAM MUST RETIRE FROM THE ARENA. THE "HEELER" IS ALLOWED TWO THROWS AT THE HIND FEET. THE STEER IS TO BE STOPPED BUT NOT THROWN AND BOTH HORSES MUST BE FACING THE STEER WITH THE ROPES TIGHT. THERE IS A TEN-SECOND PENALTY FOR BREAKING THE BARRIER AND A FIVE-SECOND PENALTY FOR CATCHING ONE HIND FOOT.



# JOHNNY MACK BROWN
*and*
## THE PHANTOM STAGE



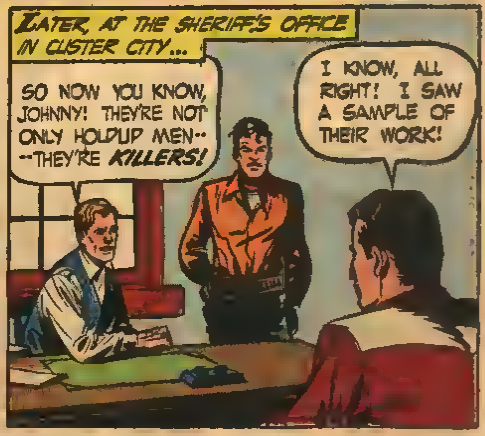


THE HORSES'VE BEEN CUT LOOSE!

AND IT LOOKS LIKE THESE MEN WERE SHOT DOWN IN A GUN FIGHT!

I'D SAY IT WAS AN AMBUSH--- AND WHOLESALE MURDER!!

NO WONDER RICK LAWSON WROTE ME HE NEEDED HELP! LET'S GO, REBEL!


LATER, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN CUSTER CITY...
SO NOW YOU KNOW, JOHNNY! THEY'RE NOT ONLY HOLDUP MEN-- --THEY'RE KILLERS!
I KNOW, ALL RIGHT! I SAW A SAMPLE OF THEIR WORK!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW!
THAT'S THE MYSTERY! I'VE PUT MY BEST MEN ON THAT STAGE---YET THIS'S THE THIRD TIME THEY'VE BEEN MASSACRED!

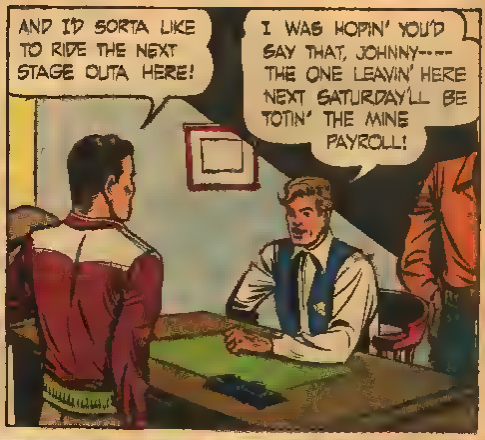
THESE HOMBRES SEEM TO KNOW IN ADVANCE WHENEVER THE MINE PAYROLL'S ON THE STAGE AND WE STILL CAN'T TRACE THE LEAK!
WELL, I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP, RICK---

THAT'S WHY I CAME SOONS I GOT YOUR LETTER! BUT YOU'VE GOT A DEPUTY, AND-

THE TROUBLE IS, DEB HERE'S GOT A SICK BROTHER OVER IN LITTLE BUTTE--- HE HAS TO GO OVER TO TAKE CARE OF HIM EVERY WEEK END!

AND THE STAGE LEAVES CUSTER CITY ON SATURDAYS! 'COURSE, I'D GO ALONG MYSELF----

BUT I'M NOT A VERY HARD-RIDIN' SHERIFF---WITH THIS BUSTED FOOT OF MINE!
YOU'VE JUST GOT YOURSELF A SECOND DEPUTY, RICK!


AND I'D SORTA LIKE TO RIDE THE NEXT STAGE OUTA HERE!
I WAS HOPIN' YOU'D SAY THAT, JOHNNY---- THE ONE LEAVIN' HERE NEXT SATURDAY'LL BE TOTIN' THE MINE PAYROLL!

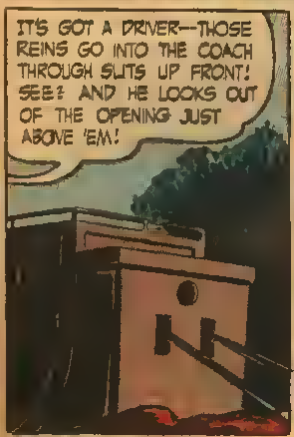
THAT SATURDAY MORNING·
I THINK YOU'RE LOCO, JOHNNY---- TRYIN' IT WITH JUST THE TWO OF YOU! BUT GOOD LUCK!
THANKS, RICK! ALL RIGHT, OLD-TIMER---LET 'ER ROLL!!
SHERIFF'S OFFICE
CAFE

I AIN'T WORRYIN' 'BOUT MYSELF, MISTER BROWN! BUT ALL THAT-THERE MONEY IN---
DON'T WORRY, TOM!

THERE'S NOTHIN' IN THOSE MONEYBAGS BUT PLAIN OLD ROCKS!
ROCKS?

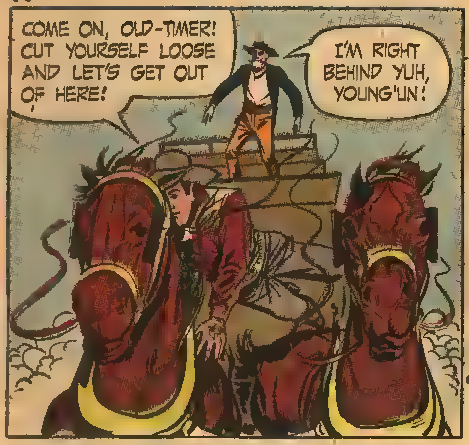
YEP! WE'RE GOIN' TO ABANDON THIS STAGE, TOO, WHEN THE TIME COMES! NOW LISTEN----

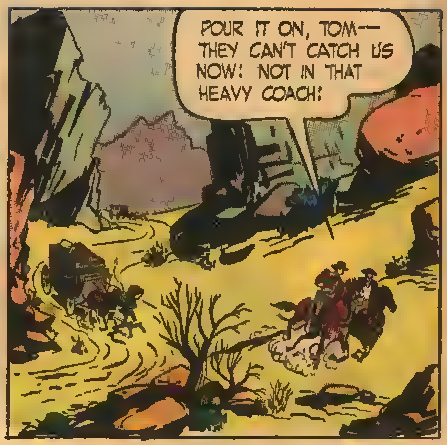
LATER AS THEY NEAR THE TOP OF EAGLE MOUNTAIN
MISTER BROWN---LOOK! COMIN' THIS WAY! A COACH WITH NO DRIVER, NO WINDOWS, NO NOTHIN'! IT'S A GHOST STAGE!
WAIT, TOM!----


IT'S GOT A DRIVER--THOSE REINS GO INTO THE COACH THROUGH SLITS UP FRONT! SEE? AND HE LOOKS OUT OF THE OPENING JUST ABOVE 'EM!

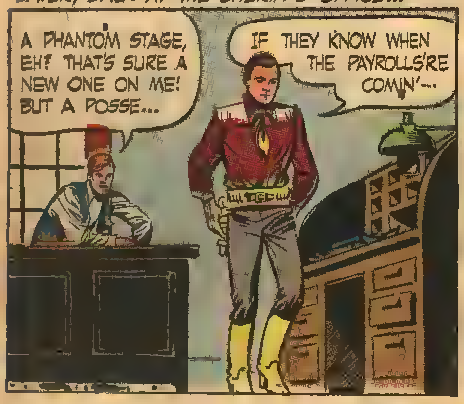
AND, INSTEAD OF WINDOWS, IT'S GOT LITTLE PORTHOLES IN THE SIDES---FOR GUNS!!!

NO, TOM, IT'S NOT A MIRAGE, OR A GHOST COACH!--IT'S JUST ARMORED!




*LATER, BACK AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...*



THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY MORNING, NEAR EAGLE MOUNTAIN...

HERE THEY COME AGAIN! AND THIS'S WHERE I LEAVE YUH!

GOOD LUCK, YOUNG'UN---

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE PHANTOM COACH!

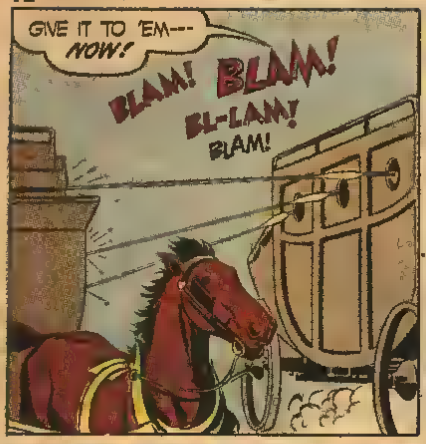
THE DRIVER JUMPED OFF, BOSS! SHOULD I---?

NO, WE'LL GET HIM LATER! BUT THIS MIGHT BE A TRICK---

PULL RIGHT UP ALONGSIDE THAT STAGE, FRED--- AND WE'LL BLAST SOME BROADSIDES INTO IT, POINT BLANK!

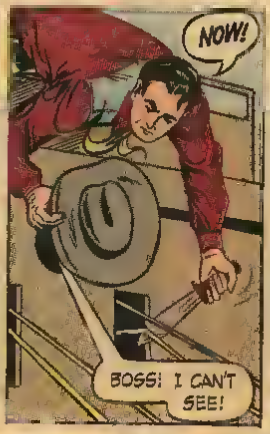
RIGHT, BOSS!

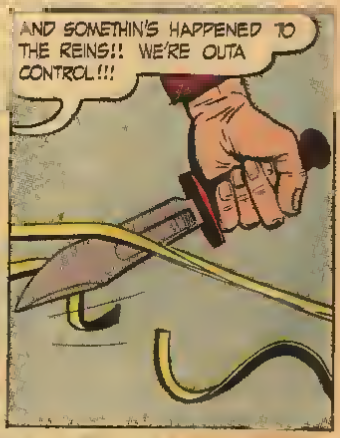
THIS OUGHT TO TAKE CARE OF THAT BROWN HOMBRE---AND ANYBODY ELSE HIDIN' IN THERE!


GIVE IT TO 'EM---
NOW!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BL-LAM!
BLAM!

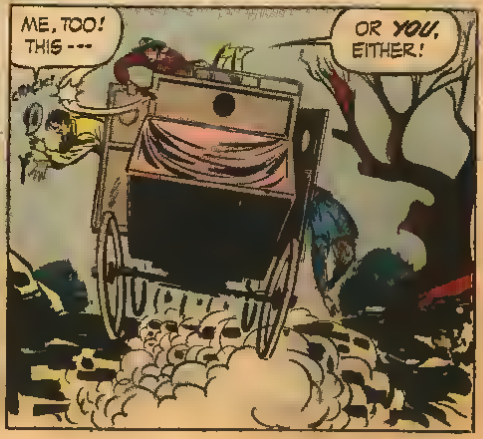
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

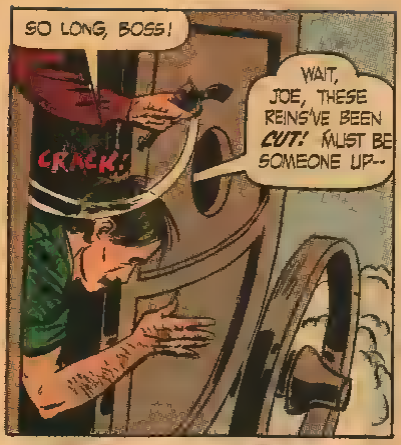
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
MADE IT!


NOW!
BOSS! I CAN'T SEE!


AND SOMETHIN'S HAPPENED TO THE REINS!! WE'RE OUTA CONTROL!!!

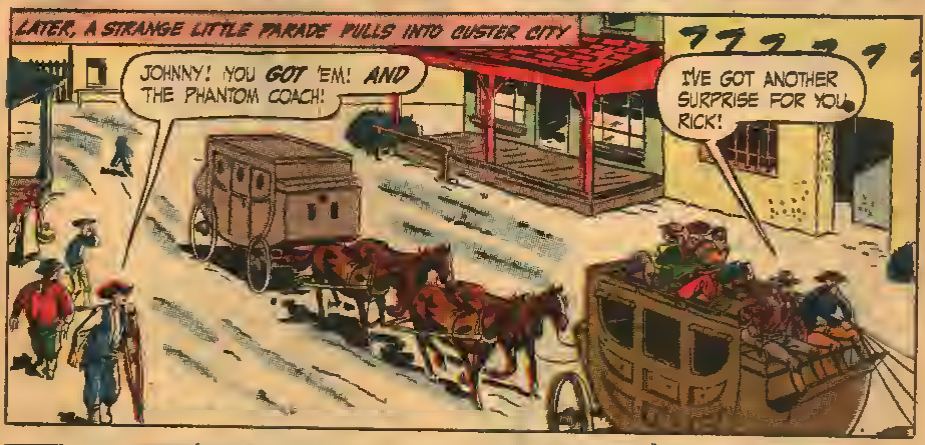
I'M GETTING OUT OF---
YOU'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE!

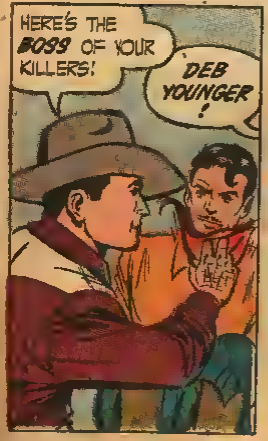

ME, TOO! THIS---
OR YOU, EITHER!


SO LONG, BOSS!
WAIT, JOE, THESE REINS'VE BEEN CUT! MUST BE SOMEONE UP--
CRACK!

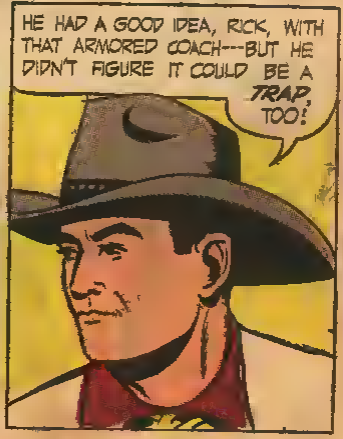
BROWN! I'VE BEEN SAVIN' THIS FOR YOU!!---
BLAM!

MISSED, MISTER, AND THIS'S NO TIME TO ARGUE!
OHHHH!


LATER, A STRANGE LITTLE PARADE PULLS INTO CUSTER CITY
JOHNNY! YOU GOT 'EM! AND THE PHANTOM COACH!
I'VE GOT ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR YOU, RICK!


HERE'S THE BOSS OF YOUR KILLERS!
DEB YOUNGER!

NO WONDER. HE KNEW WHEN THE STAGE CARRIED PAYROLLS! AND THAT STORY ABOUT HIS SICK BROTHER IN LITTLE BUTTE---A PERFECT ALIBI!


HE HAD A GOOD IDEA, RICK, WITH THAT ARMORED COACH---BUT HE DIDN'T FIGURE IT COULD BE A TRAP, TOO!

# SWING YOUR

A cowboy dance is very much a part of the West, so...

**GET SET:**

Get your partner,
Four couples to a square,
Put the gal on the right,
So you'll know she's there!

**READY:**

Please turn to page 76 for square dance music, "Comin' Round The Mountain."

**GO:**

Walk through the dance slowly the first time, until you are familiar with the call. Then—speed up!

**1st verse:**

OH, HONORS TO YOUR PARTNER ON THE RIGHT—
(Partners face—ladies curtsy—gents bow)

AND, HONORS TO THE LADY ON YOUR LEFT—
(Bow and curtsy in opposite direction)

JOIN HANDS AND CIRCLE RIGHT,
DON'T WALK SLOW, YOU'LL TAKE ALL NIGHT,

(All join hands facing inside of circle and move to the right halfway round the circle, walking counterclockwise)

NOW CIRCLE LEFT AND THERE YOU STAND.

(Entire circle moves back to the left)

# PARTNER...

**2nd verse:**

OH, BREAK AND SWING YOUR PARTNER AROUND TWICE—

(Break—drop hands)
(Swing—stand "hip to hip," lady's left hand on gent's shoulder and lady's right hand extended in gent's left. Swing twice.)

THAT PROMENADE BACK HOME IS ALWAYS NICE—

(Promenade—partners cross hands in skating position, gents on the inside and ladies on the outside, walking to the right around the circle toward home position.)

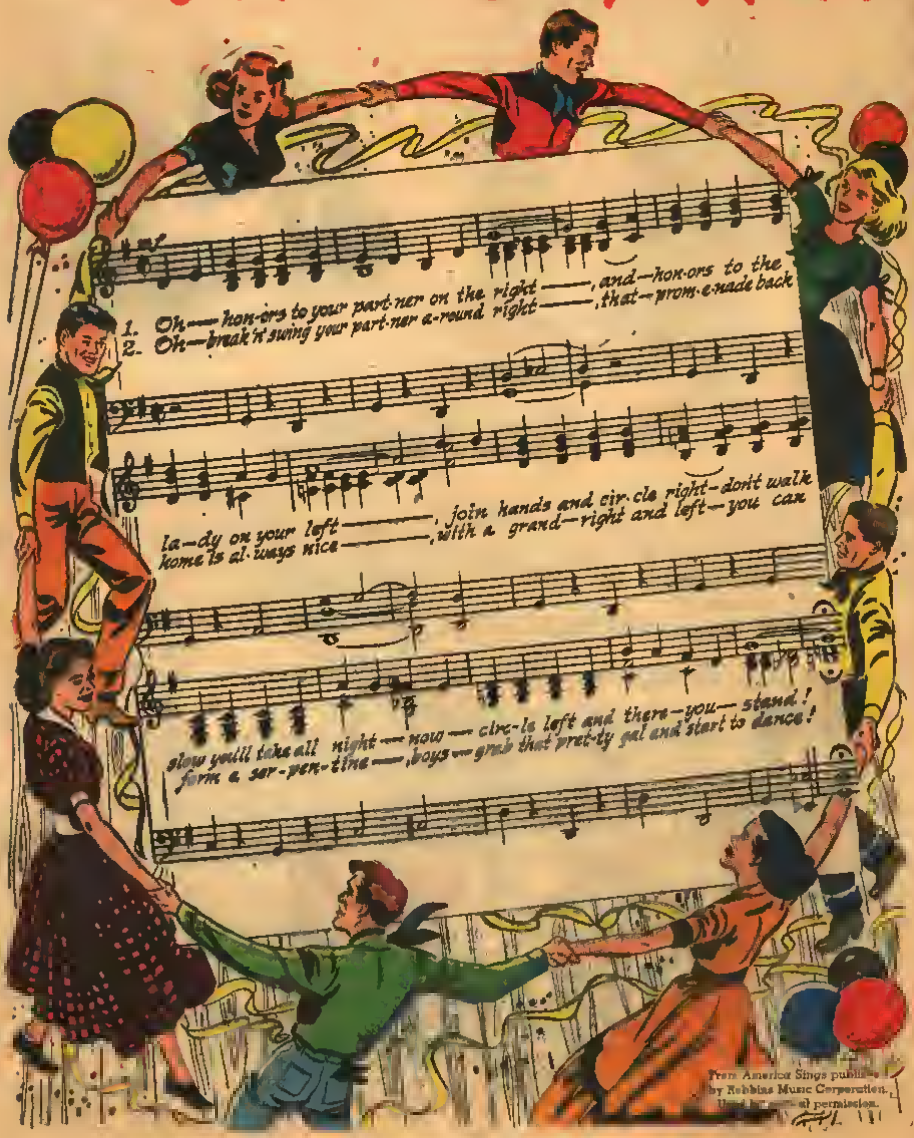
WITH A GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT,
YOU CAN FORM A SERPENTINE,

(Gents turn to the right, facing partner who has turned to her left. Gent takes partner's right hand in his left. Then, on to the next lady with a right hand and her left. The gals move around the circle to the left, clockwise. The gents move around the circle to the right, counterclockwise.)

BOY, GRAB THAT PRETTY GAL AND START TO DANCE!

(For next verse, dance your favorite, be it circle two-step or round dance.)

# She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain

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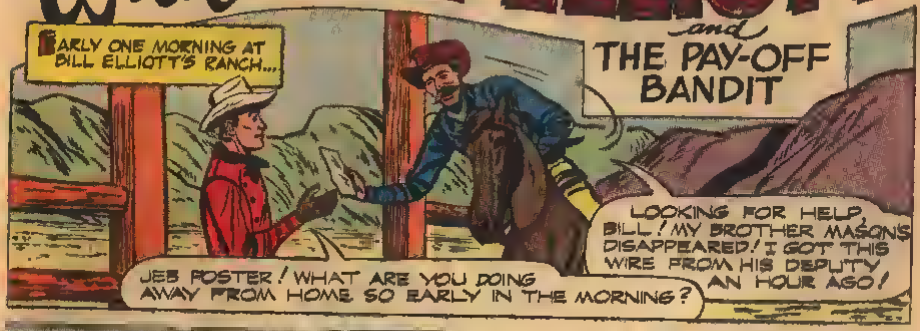
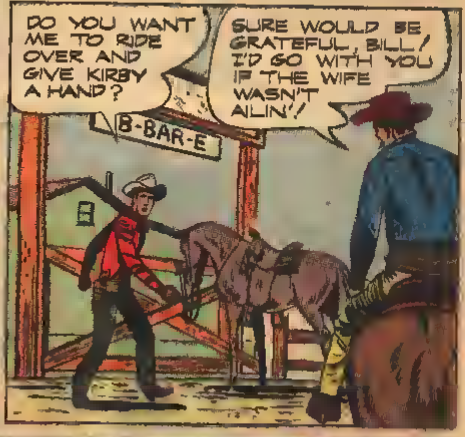
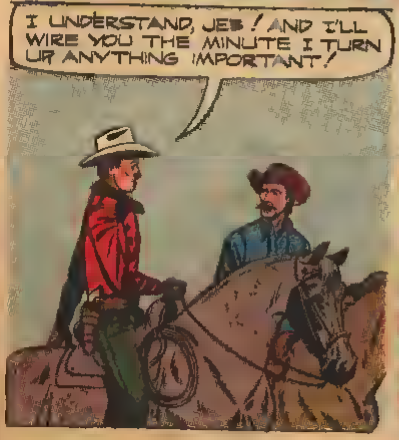
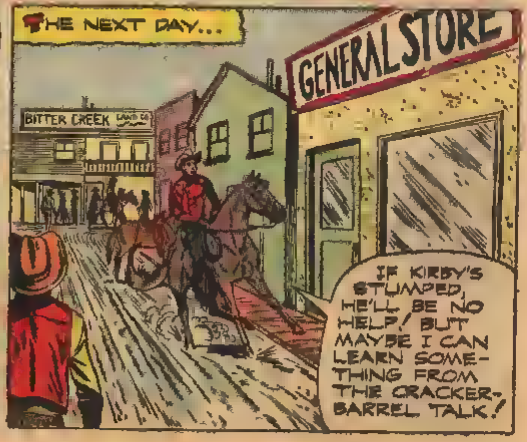
# Wild BILL ELLIOTT and THE PAY-OFF BANDIT





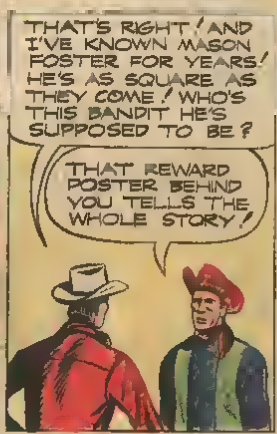



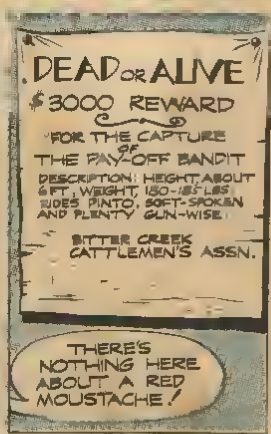



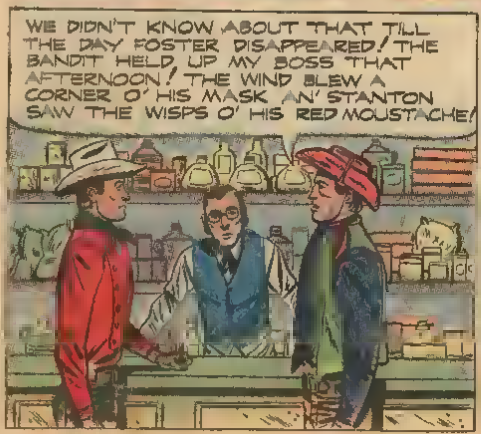
IT'S GOTTA BE MASON FOSTER! HE'S THE ONLY HOMBRE IN THESE PARTS WHO'S GOT A RED MOUSTACHE!
BUT, BIG JOE, THE PAY-OFF BANDIT'S BEEN OPERATIN' A COUPLA MONTHS...

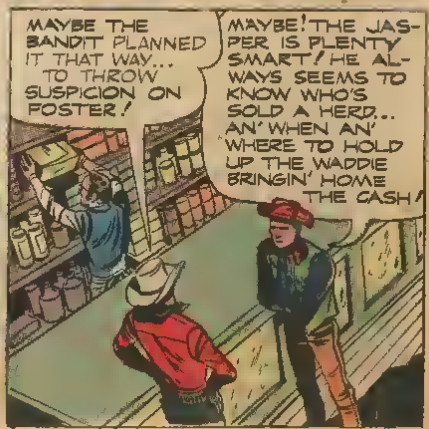
IF HIM AN' THE SHERIFF ARE ONE AND THE SAME, HOW COME FOSTER JUST NOW DISAPPEARED?
SEARCH ME! MAYBE HE GOT TIRED PRETENDIN' TO BE A RESPECTABLE LAW-MAN! OR...

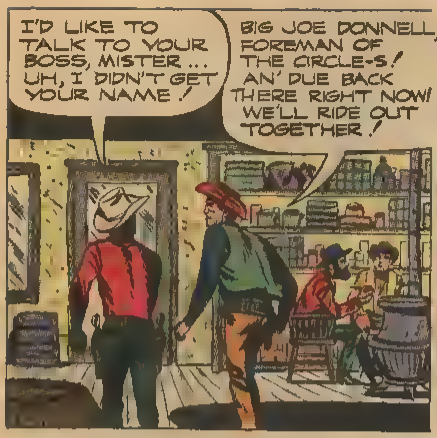
IF YOU MEAN MASON FOSTER, YOU'RE LOCO!
WHAT THE...SAY! AREN'T YOU WILD BILL ELLIOTT?

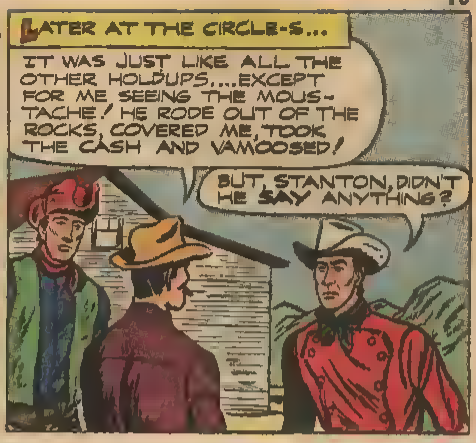

THAT'S RIGHT! AND I'VE KNOWN MASON FOSTER FOR YEARS! HE'S AS SQUARE AS THEY COME! WHO'S THIS BANDIT HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE?
THAT REWARD POSTER BEHIND YOU TELLS THE WHOLE STORY!

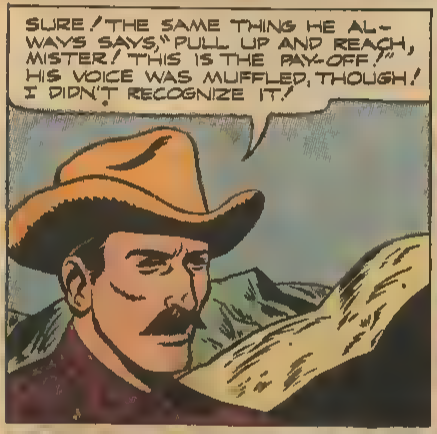

DEAD OR ALIVE
$3000 REWARD
FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE PAY-OFF BANDIT
DESCRIPTION: HEIGHT, ABOUT 6 FT; WEIGHT, 150-185 LBS; RIDES PINTO, SOFT-SPOKEN AND PLENTY GUN-WISE.
BITTER CREEK CATTLEMEN'S ASSN.
THERE'S NOTHING HERE ABOUT A RED MOUSTACHE!

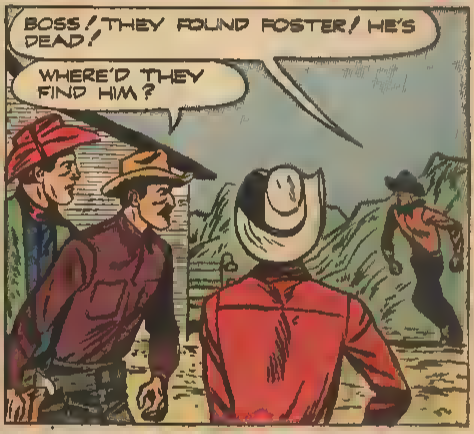

WE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT TILL THE DAY FOSTER DISAPPEARED! THE BANDIT HELD UP MY BOSS THAT AFTERNOON! THE WIND BLEW A CORNER O' HIS MASK AN' STANTON SAW THE WISPS O' HIS RED MOUSTACHE!

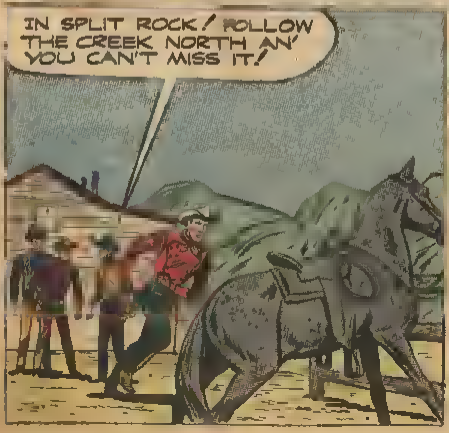

MAYBE THE BANDIT PLANNED IT THAT WAY... TO THROW SUSPICION ON FOSTER!
MAYBE! THE JASPER IS PLENTY SMART! HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO KNOW WHO'S SOLD A HERD... AN' WHEN AN' WHERE TO HOLD UP THE WADDIE BRINGIN' HOME THE CASH!

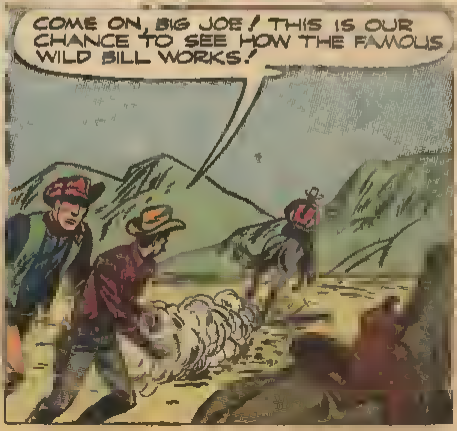

I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOUR BOSS, MISTER ... UH, I DIDN'T GET YOUR NAME!
BIG JOE DONNELL, FOREMAN OF THE CIRCLE-S! AN' DUE BACK THERE RIGHT NOW! WE'LL RIDE OUT TOGETHER!


LATER AT THE CIRCLE-S...
IT WAS JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHER HOLDUPS,...EXCEPT FOR ME SEEING THE MOUSTACHE! HE RODE OUT OF THE ROCKS, COVERED ME, TOOK THE CASH AND VAMOOSED!
BUT, STANTON, DIDN'T HE SAY ANYTHING?


SURE! THE SAME THING HE ALWAYS SAYS, "PULL UP AND REACH, MISTER! THIS IS THE PAY-OFF!" HIS VOICE WAS MUFFLED, THOUGH! I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE IT!


BOSS! THEY FOUND FOSTER! HE'S DEAD!
WHERE'D THEY FIND HIM?


IN SPLIT ROCK! FOLLOW THE CREEK NORTH AN' YOU CAN'T MISS IT!


COME ON, BIG JOE! THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO SEE HOW THE FAMOUS WILD BILL WORKS!

A LITTLE LATER...

FIND ANYTHING INTERESTING, ELLIOTT?

YES! HE WAS SHOT AT CLOSE RANGE! SO CLOSE I'D SAY HE WAS TALKING TO HIS KILLER WHEN IT HAPPENED!

ANY IDEA WHEN HE WAS KILLED?

FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, I'D SAY LATE YESTERDAY! AND I'D ALSO GUESS THE PAY-OFF BANDIT DID IT!

THEN THE BANDIT HID THE BODY IN HERE, HOPING THE BODY WOULDN'T BE SPOTTED!

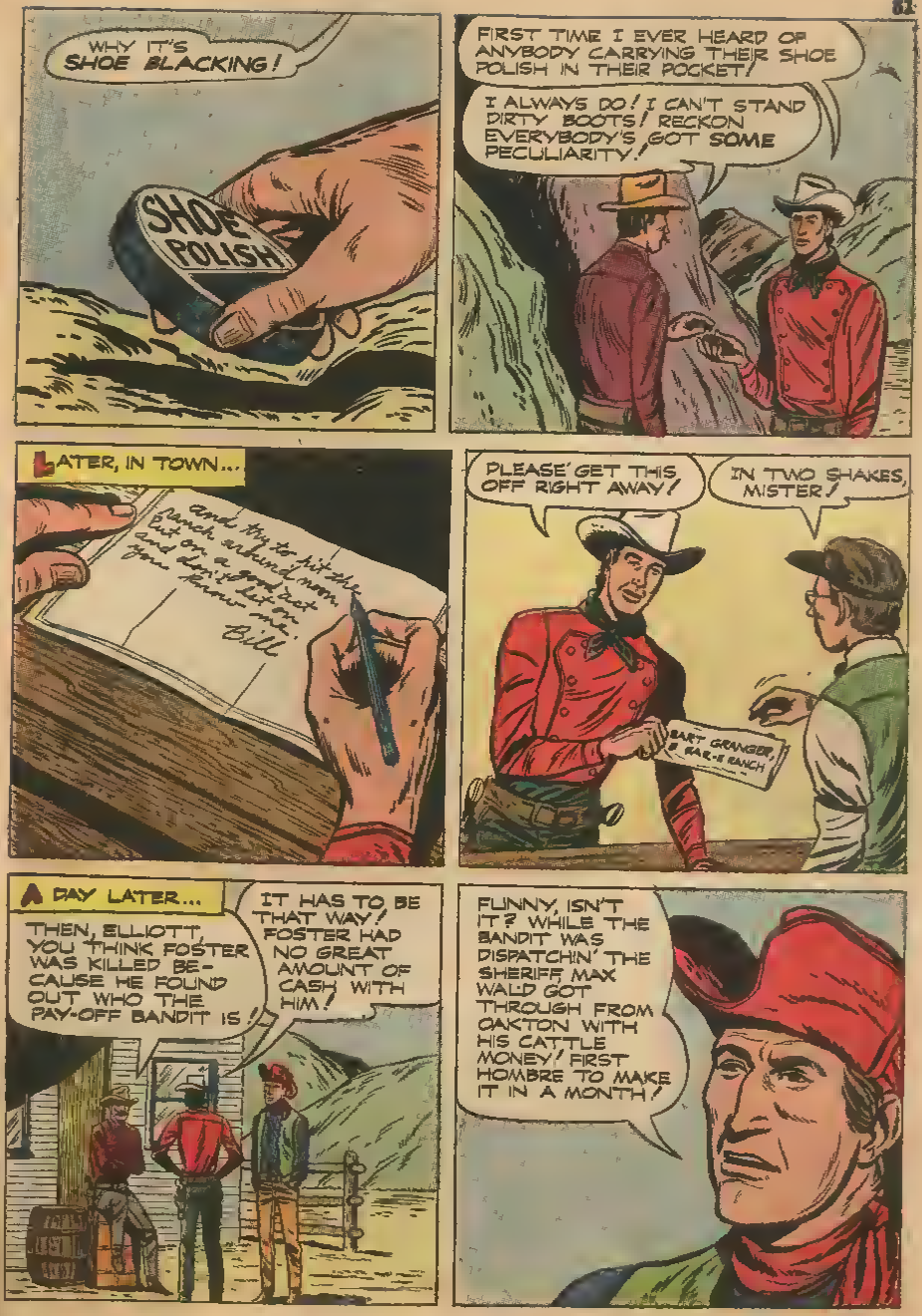
AND IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN, IF I HADN'T SEEN A COUPLA BUZZARDS ACTIN' REAL CURIOUS!

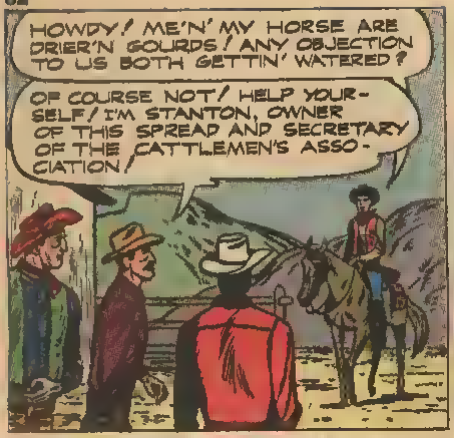
WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM HERE! I'LL TAKE HIM TO TOWN IF SOMEBODY'LL GIVE ME A HAND!

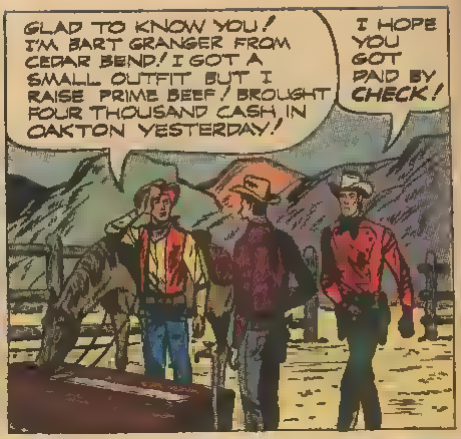
I WILL!

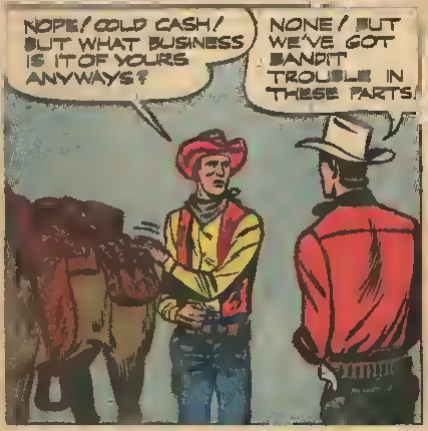
HE'S WEDGED IN THERE PRETTY TIGHTLY! BETTER LET ME...

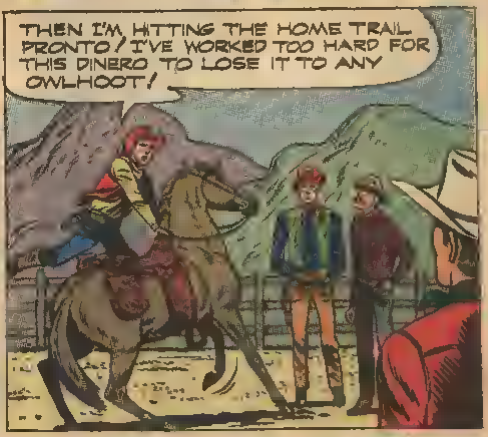
LOOK OUT, STANTON! YOU DROPPED SOMETHING! I'LL GET IT!

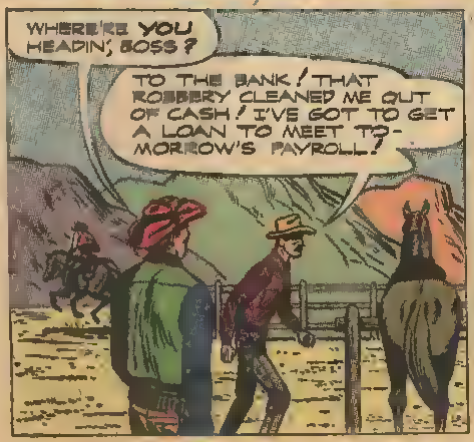

WHY IT'S SHOE BLACKING!
SHOE POLISH
FIRST TIME I EVER HEARD OF ANYBODY CARRYING THEIR SHOE POLISH IN THEIR POCKET!
I ALWAYS DO! I CAN'T STAND DIRTY BOOTS! RECKON EVERYBODY'S GOT SOME PECULIARITY!
LATER, IN TOWN...
and try to hit the ranch around noon. Put on a good act and don't let on you know me. Bill
PLEASE GET THIS OFF RIGHT AWAY!
IN TWO SHAKES, MISTER!
BART GRANGER, 8 BAR-8 RANCH
A DAY LATER...
THEN, ELLIOTT, YOU THINK FOSTER WAS KILLED BECAUSE HE FOUND OUT WHO THE PAY-OFF BANDIT IS!
IT HAS TO BE THAT WAY! FOSTER HAD NO GREAT AMOUNT OF CASH WITH HIM!
FUNNY, ISN'T IT? WHILE THE BANDIT WAS DISPATCHIN' THE SHERIFF, MAX WALD GOT THROUGH FROM OAKTON WITH HIS CATTLE MONEY! FIRST HOMBRE TO MAKE IT IN A MONTH!


HOWDY! ME'N' MY HORSE ARE DRIER'N GOURDS! ANY OBJECTION TO US BOTH GETTIN' WATERED?
OF COURSE NOT! HELP YOURSELF! I'M STANTON, OWNER OF THIS SPREAD AND SECRETARY OF THE CATTLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION!

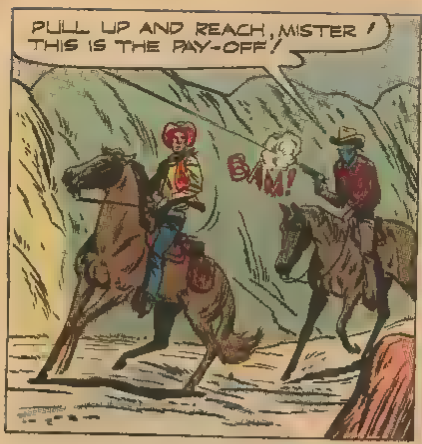

GLAD TO KNOW YOU! I'M BART GRANGER FROM CEDAR BEND! I GOT A SMALL OUTFIT BUT I RAISE PRIME BEEF! BROUGHT FOUR THOUSAND CASH IN OAKTON YESTERDAY!
I HOPE YOU GOT PAID BY CHECK!

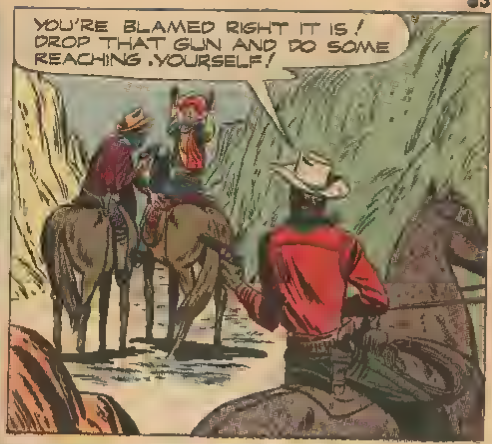

NOPE! COLD CASH! BUT WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF YOURS ANYWAYS?
NONE! BUT WE'VE GOT BANDIT TROUBLE IN THESE PARTS!

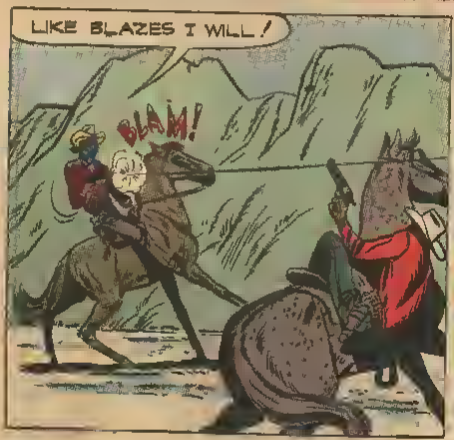

THEN I'M HITTING THE HOME TRAIL PRONTO! I'VE WORKED TOO HARD FOR THIS DINERO TO LOSE IT TO ANY OWLHOOT!


WHERE'RE YOU HEADIN', BOSS?
TO THE BANK! THAT ROBBERY CLEANED ME OUT OF CASH! I'VE GOT TO GET A LOAN TO MEET TOMORROW'S PAYROLL!

HALF AN HOUR LATER...
LOOKS LIKE BILL WAS BARKIN' UP THE WRONG TREE! OR ELSE THE HOMBRE HE SUSPECTS IS ONTO OUR GAME!


PULL UP AND REACH, MISTER! THIS IS THE PAY-OFF!
BAM!


YOU'RE BLAMED RIGHT IT IS! DROP THAT GUN AND DO SOME REACHING YOURSELF!

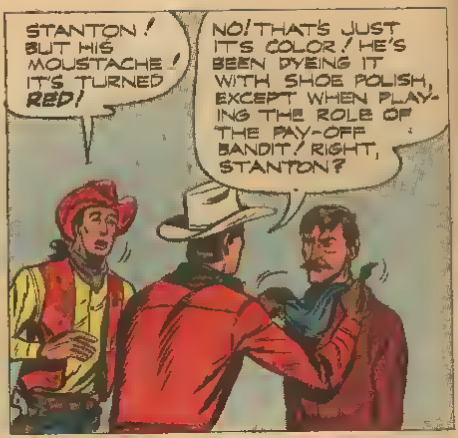

LIKE BLAZES I WILL!
BLAM!

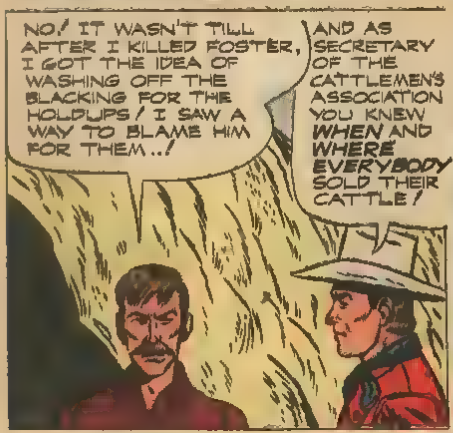
OWWW!
I RECKON THAT DE-HORNS YOU, MISTER!

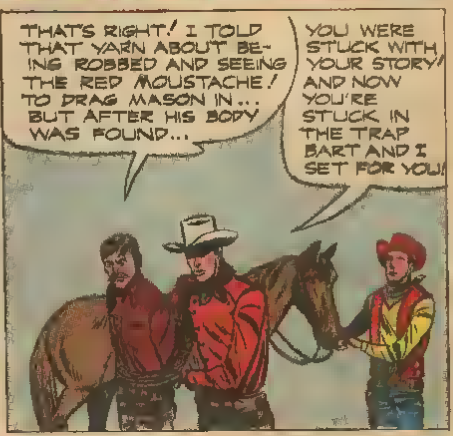
I'LL DOWN HIM, BILL!
NO! I WANT HIM ALIVE! STRETCH YOUR LEGS, STORMY!

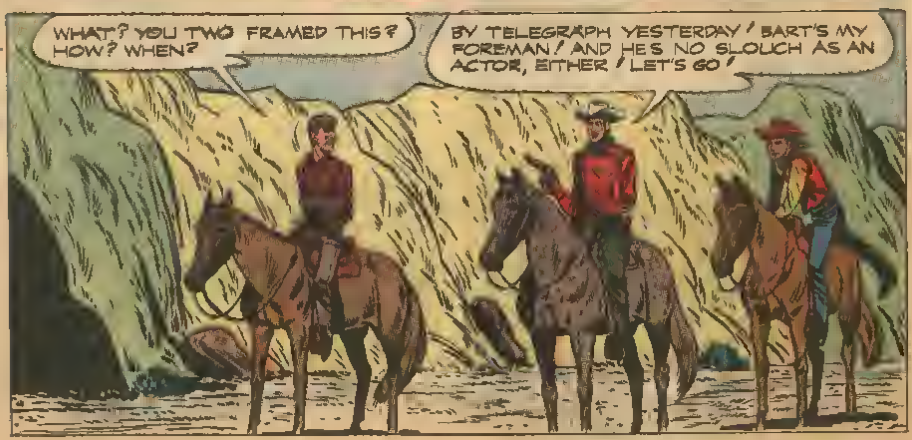
OOMPH!

NOW WE'LL SEE HOW GOOD A GUESSER I AM!


STANTON! BUT HIS MOUSTACHE! IT'S TURNED RED!
NO! THAT'S JUST IT'S COLOR! HE'S BEEN DYEING IT WITH SHOE POLISH, EXCEPT WHEN PLAYING THE ROLE OF THE PAY-OFF BANDIT! RIGHT, STANTON?


NO! IT WASN'T TILL AFTER I KILLED FOSTER, I GOT THE IDEA OF WASHING OFF THE BLACKING FOR THE HOLDUPS! I SAW A WAY TO BLAME HIM FOR THEM..!
AND AS SECRETARY OF THE CATTLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION YOU KNEW WHEN AND WHERE EVERYBODY SOLD THEIR CATTLE!


THAT'S RIGHT! I TOLD THAT YARN ABOUT BEING ROBBED AND SEEING THE RED MOUSTACHE! TO DRAG MASON IN... BUT AFTER HIS BODY WAS FOUND...
YOU WERE STUCK WITH YOUR STORY! AND NOW YOU'RE STUCK IN THE TRAP BART AND I SET FOR YOU!


WHAT? YOU TWO FRAMED THIS? HOW? WHEN?
BY TELEGRAPH YESTERDAY! BART'S MY FOREMAN! AND HE'S NO SLOUCH AS AN ACTOR, EITHER! LET'S GO!

# Sweet Betsy from Pike

Arranged by Frances Smith Dyer

1. Did you ev-er hear 'bout sweet Bet-sy from Pike, who crossed the big plains with her man Ike, and two yokes of cat-tle and a big yal-ler dog, a tall Shanghai roo-ster and a spot-ted old hog, sing so long Pike Count-y it's far west or bust; we'll see you once more when we've dug out our dust!

2. One day-while In-dians were on the war path, and Bet-sy fearid there'd be trou-ble shore, so sweet Bet-sy un-der the wag-on did run, and blast-ed the In-dians with her old hunt-ing gun, sing so long Pike Count-y it's far west or bust; we'll see you once more when we've dug out our dust!

# BRANDS AND THEIR HISTORY

For more than one hundred years the branding iron has been a colorful symbol of the West. Because of this—and the fact that brands represent an art form in which the American cowboy expresses himself—many people have been led to believe that branding is a practice which originated here in America.

Actually, cattle brands have a long and ancient history, dating back 2,000 years before the birth of Christ. Archaeologists believe that the ancient Egyptians were the first to use brands as a means for identifying cattle. Pictures in their tombs show not only these brands, but the actual work of branding as well.

There is Biblical evidence that Jacob branded his flocks, and it is believed that the Chinese used brands many centuries before this.

During the 14th century, branding was commonly practiced in England. When the English colonists came to this country, they brought this practice with them. Originally, these brands and earmarks were used not only to denote ownership, but also to indicate the town from which the animal came.

Prior to the colonists' use of brands, however, early Spanish explorers brought brands to Southwestern America. Hernando Cortez is believed to have introduced the first branding iron. Actually, it wasn't necessary for him to brand his herd since there were no cattle or horses to mix with those that he owned. Cortez, who came to this country with two purposes—to win converts to Christianity and to find gold—honored the Holy Trinity in his brand. He used three Christian crosses like this. ┼┼┼.

Brands were, and still are, in many cases, a necessity. They informed the world, "Hands off! This animal belongs to me!" In the days of the great ranches, fences were out of the question. Acreage was too great to be enclosed and fences were too costly. As a result, cattle intermingled freely and brands were necessary if ranchers were to protect their livestock.

The job of branding is more difficult than most people imagine. It is done with a hot iron which burns through the hair and scorches the hide so that a permanent scar is left. Red-hot irons are never used. When the iron is too hot, the flesh is roasted and infection is likely to develop. There is also the danger that the brand might blot. On the other hand, if the brand is too cold, only a sore spot results and there is no mark. Experience seems to be the only way to learn the exact temperature necessary to brand. Generally, the iron should be hot enough to burn the hair at once and quickly sear the surface of the hide, but not hot enough to burn through to the flesh.

Though there is no rule, by popular custom the brand is placed on the left hip of the animal branded.

Branding irons are of two types: stamp and running. The stamp iron is so called, because the stamp is set at the end of the handle at a right angle. The running iron, having no stamp, is curved or "fishhooked" at the end. A typical iron is from two to three feet long and three-quarters of an inch thick. On one end, there is a hoop or ring. This is used to hang up the iron when it is not in use.

Brands read from top to bottom and from left to right. A long horizontal line, from six to eight inches in length, is called a rail. Two horizontal lines are called two rails. But when three rails are used together, they become

stripes. A short horizontal line, from three to four inches long, is called a bar.

The rail is almost never turned straight up and down because it is too difficult to brand on a cow's rough shape. It is often turned at an angle like this or this , and then it becomes a slash.

The circle differs from the letter O in that it is larger and more nearly round. A small circle may be called an O if it is combined with other letters or numbers. If a circle is pushed down horizontally, it becomes a mashed O or goose egg and looks like this . The half circle and quarter circle are often used and are called by those names. However, if either of these segments happens to be part of a drawn brand, they lose their identity. So we come to have such brands as the Swinging L and the Rocking K .

A letter that is slightly tilted is called "tumbling," while one that is lying down is "lazy."

The circle and the straight line are often used as bases. From this point on, the branding alphabet is an adaptation of plane geometry, the English alphabet, and Arabic numerals.

Some of the most famous brands in the country are interesting because of the imagination and ingenuity shown in creating them. The is the brand of a ranch near Wickenburg, Arizona. Now a famous dude ranch, past glories of the ranch live in the song, "I'll Love Her and She'll Love Me, at Roundup Time on the M Bar V."

Settlers from Iowa recalled their home by using the brand I O A, while some from Ohio introduced O I O. Former Essex, England, citizens who settled in Western America used the S X brand.

It is told that a former desperado who got his start in ranching by selling his only possessions — a pair of .45 pistols — used 45 as his brand.

One rancher, a Texan named Ace Jenkins, developed an original brand which was impossible to blot. Using his first name, Jenkins marked his cattle with an A on the shoulder, a C on the ribs, and an E on the flank. This proved to be a costly practice, however, since it damaged the cow hides at a time when there was a great demand for them.

The 6666 is the famous brand of a man named S. Burk Burnett. Legend has it that as a young cowpoke with a yen for poker, he got in a game one night with a rancher in Fort Worth, Texas. As the game lasted on and on, Burnett won more and more of the hands. Finally, he wound up with all the rancher's money, his watch, his hat, and even his knife.

When this happened, the rancher said, "I'll bet my ranch and all my cattle against your pile on the next hand."

Burnett agreed and the rancher lost. Four of a kind were in the poker hand with which Burnett won the cattle and the ranch. The next day, he went out on the range and started branding his new herd with the lucky number — 6666.

Many of the cattle brands pictured in this article have been in use on the Western range for more than one hundred years. With a little practice, even the greenest tenderfoot can learn to "read" these brands. See how well you can do. Out of the twenty-four brands on this page, you should be able to read half. Test yourself and then check the answers on page 96.

# REX ALLEN in DOUBLE DECEPTION

NEAR A RAILROAD TRESTLE BRIDGE UNDER CONSTRUCTION...

HI REX! DID YOU GET TH' PAYROLL HERE OKAY?

WE SURE DID, JOHN, THOUGH MY PAL HERE, GRIEF TOMKINS, DOESN'T COTTON TO RIDIN' HANDCARS!

YOU'RE DANG-TOOTIN', I DON'T! THEY DON'T OFFER MUCH COVER, IF ROAD AGENTS ARE ON TH' PROWL!

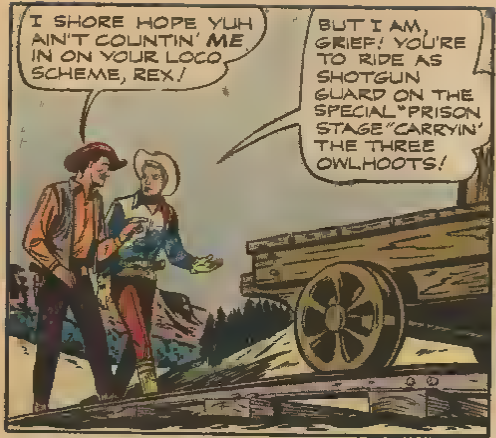
BY TH' WAY WHAT'S NEW ON TH' THREE HOMBRES TH' SHERIFF CAPTURED...TH' ONES WHO ROBBED ME LAST WEEK WHEN I WAS TOTIN TH' PAYROLL

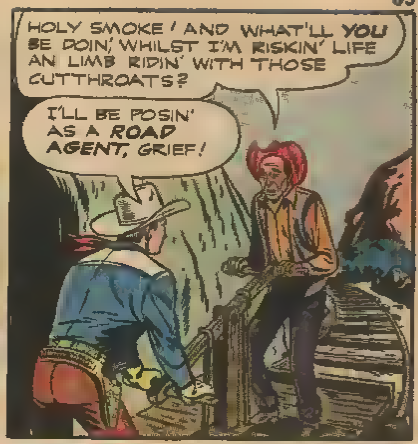
BOX GRIMES AND HIS TWO PALS WERE CONVICTED! THEY'RE BEIN' TRANSPORTED TO THE STATE PRISON TODAY!

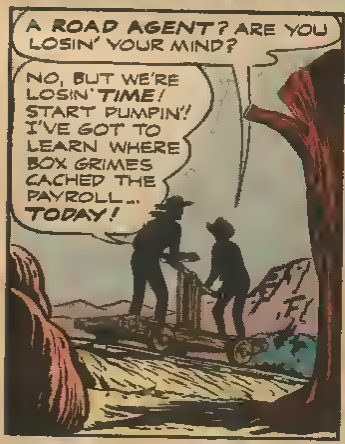
DID THEY TALK YET? DID THEY TELL WHERE THEY HID TH' MONEY?

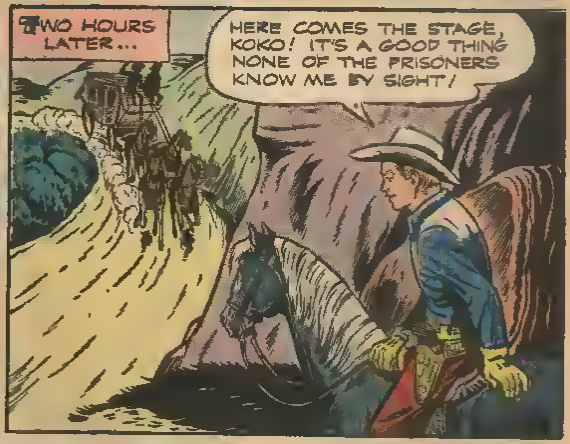
NOT YET, JOHN, BUT SINCE THE RAILROAD HIRED ME TO BREAK THE CASE, I THINK I'VE GOT A SCHEME THAT'LL DO THE TRICK!

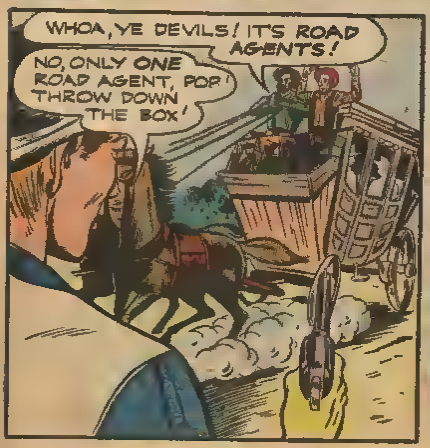
IF YUH DON'T GET KILLED *FIRST!*


I SHORE HOPE YUH AIN'T COUNTIN' ME IN ON YOUR LOCO SCHEME, REX!
BUT I AM, GRIEF! YOU'RE TO RIDE AS SHOTGUN GUARD ON THE SPECIAL "PRISON STAGE" CARRYIN' THE THREE OWLHOOTS!

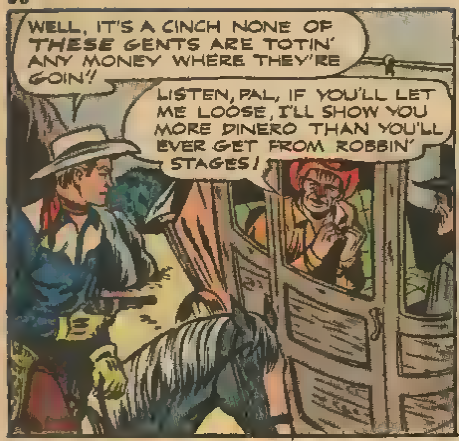

HOLY SMOKE! AND WHAT'LL YOU BE DOIN', WHILST I'M RISKIN' LIFE AN LIMB RIDIN' WITH THOSE CUTTHROATS?
I'LL BE POSIN' AS A ROAD AGENT, GRIEF!

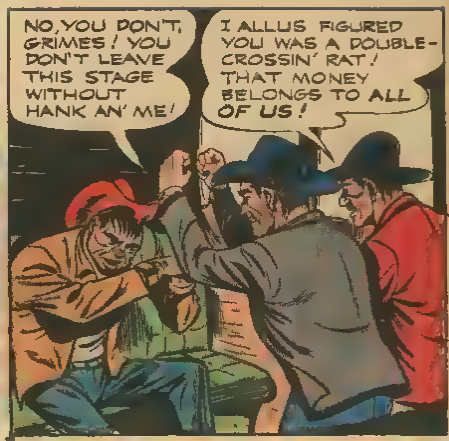

A ROAD AGENT? ARE YOU LOSIN' YOUR MIND?
NO, BUT WE'RE LOSIN' TIME! START PUMPIN'! I'VE GOT TO LEARN WHERE BOX GRIMES CACHED THE PAYROLL... TODAY!

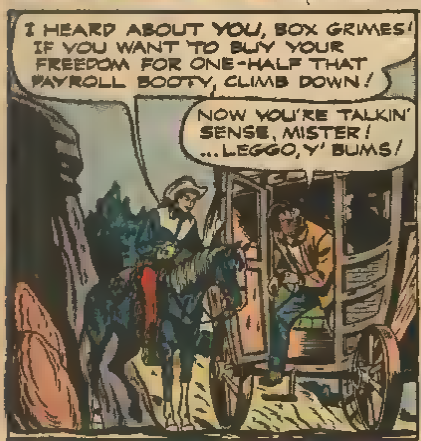

TWO HOURS LATER...
HERE COMES THE STAGE, KOKO! IT'S A GOOD THING NONE OF THE PRISONERS KNOW ME BY SIGHT!


WHOA, YE DEVILS! IT'S ROAD AGENTS!
NO, ONLY ONE ROAD AGENT, POP! THROW DOWN THE BOX!

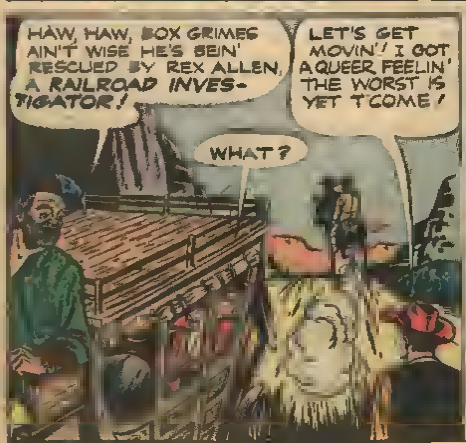
HAW, HAW, TH' JOKE'S ON YOU, SON! WE AIN'T CARRYIN' NO STRONGBOX! WE'RE TOTIN' CONVICTS!
CONVICTS?


WELL, IT'S A CINCH NONE OF THESE GENTS ARE TOTIN' ANY MONEY WHERE THEY'RE GOIN'!
LISTEN, PAL, IF YOU'LL LET ME LOOSE, I'LL SHOW YOU MORE DINERO THAN YOU'LL EVER GET FROM ROBBIN' STAGES!

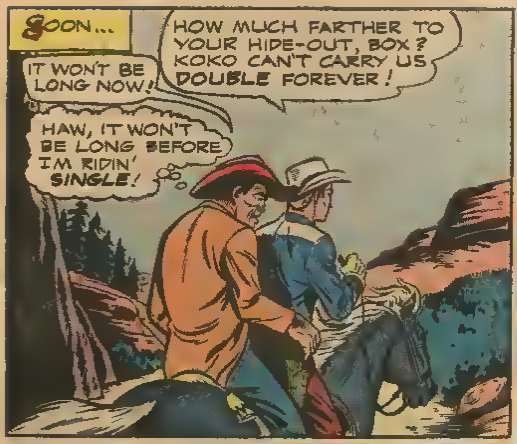

NO, YOU DON'T, GRIMES! YOU DON'T LEAVE THIS STAGE WITHOUT HANK AN' ME!
I ALLUS FIGURED YOU WAS A DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT! THAT MONEY BELONGS TO ALL OF US!

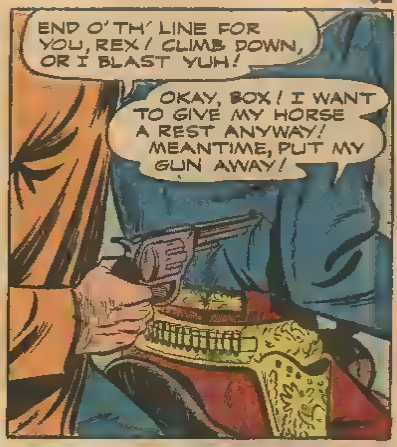

I HEARD ABOUT YOU, BOX GRIMES! IF YOU WANT TO BUY YOUR FREEDOM FOR ONE-HALF THAT PAYROLL BOOTY, CLIMB DOWN!
NOW YOU'RE TALKIN' SENSE, MISTER! ...LEGGO, Y' BUMS!

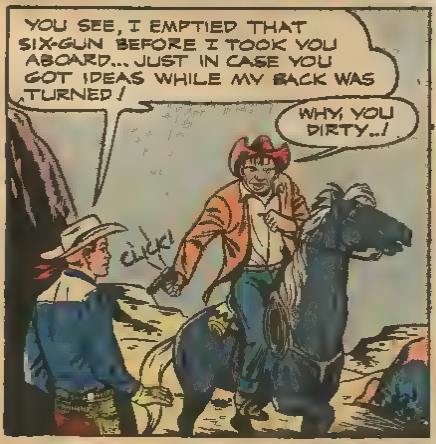
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, BOX!
SHUT UP! UNLOCK THOSE BRACELETS, GRIE... ER, GUARD... PRONTO!
HEY! LET US LOOSE, TOO!


HAW, HAW, BOX GRIMES AIN'T WISE HE'S BEIN' RESCUED BY REX ALLEN, A RAILROAD INVESTIGATOR!
LET'S GET MOVIN'! I GOT A QUEER FEELIN' THE WORST IS YET T'COME!
WHAT?

I AIN'T NEVER SEEN YOU WORKIN' THIS TERRITORY, PAL! WHAT'S YOUR HANDLE?
UH, AL LENREX, BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME REX... I USUALLY PLAY A LONE HAND!

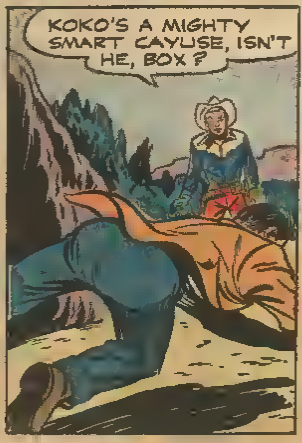

SOON...
HOW MUCH FARTHER TO YOUR HIDE-OUT, BOX? KOKO CAN'T CARRY US DOUBLE FOREVER!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
HAW, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I'M RIDIN' SINGLE!


END O' TH' LINE FOR YOU, REX! CLIMB DOWN, OR I BLAST YUH!
OKAY, BOX! I WANT TO GIVE MY HORSE A REST ANYWAY! MEANTIME, PUT MY GUN AWAY!


YOU SEE, I EMPTIED THAT SIX-GUN BEFORE I TOOK YOU ABOARD... JUST IN CASE YOU GOT IDEAS WHILE MY BACK WAS TURNED!
WHY, YOU DIRTY..!
click!

NOTHIN' T' KEEP ME FROM LEAVIN' YOU AFOOT! LET'S GO, HOSS!
YOU WON'T GO FAR! THWEET

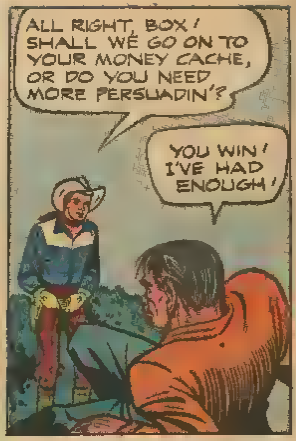
HEY, WHAT TH'?
WHEEET!

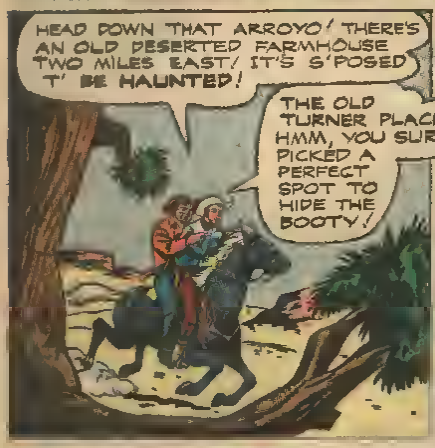

KOKO'S A MIGHTY SMART CAYUSE, ISN'T HE, BOX?

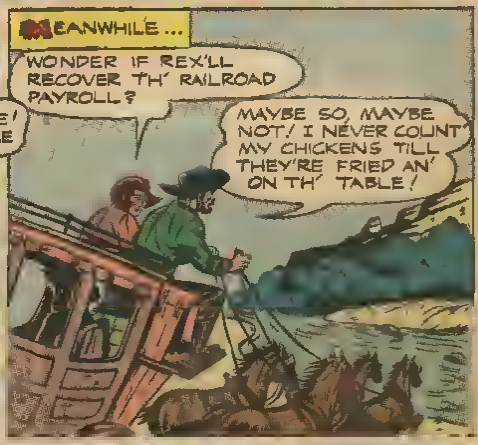
I'LL TEAR YUH APART FOR PULLIN' THAT TRICK!
SOME HOMBRES NEVER LEARN!

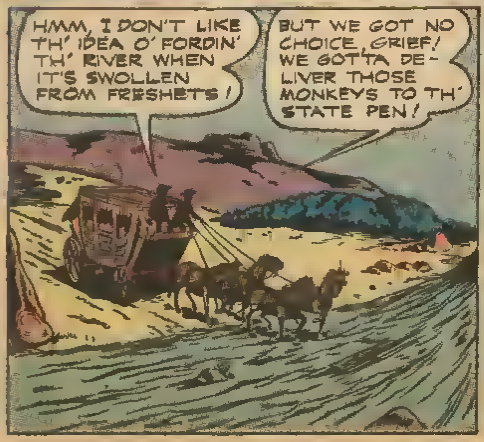
I'LL JUST HAVE TO SHOW YOU YOU'RE NOT PLAYING WITH AN AMATEUR!

NOW MAYBE WE CAN GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!
YIIII!

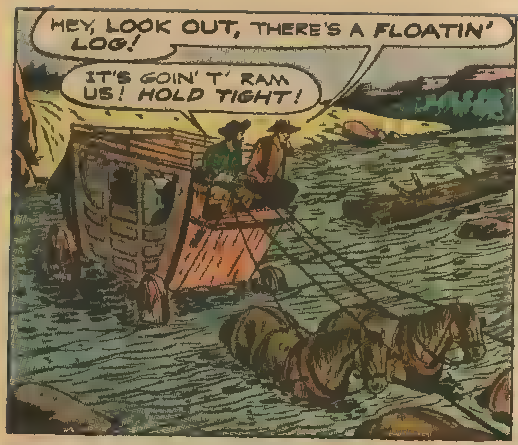

ALL RIGHT, BOX! SHALL WE GO ON TO YOUR MONEY CACHE, OR DO YOU NEED MORE PERSUADIN'?
YOU WIN! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!


HEAD DOWN THAT ARROYO! THERE'S AN OLD DESERTED FARMHOUSE TWO MILES EAST! IT'S S'POSED T' BE HAUNTED!
THE OLD TURNER PLACE! HMM, YOU SURE PICKED A PERFECT SPOT TO HIDE THE BOOTY!

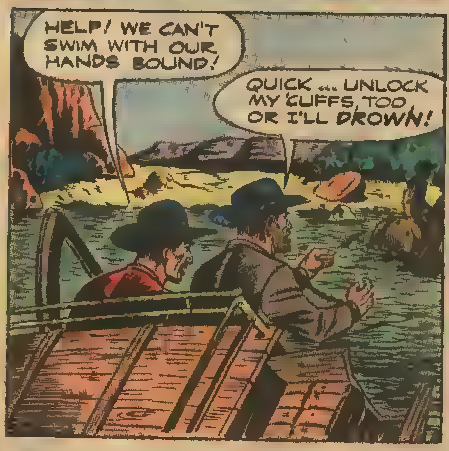

MEANWHILE...
WONDER IF REX'LL RECOVER TH' RAILROAD PAYROLL?
MAYBE SO, MAYBE NOT! I NEVER COUNT MY CHICKENS TILL THEY'RE FRIED AN' ON TH' TABLE!

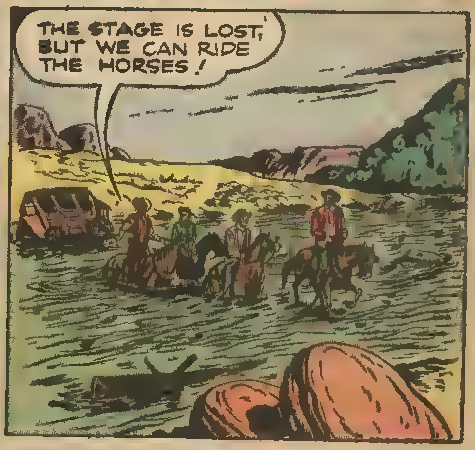

HMM, I DON'T LIKE TH' IDEA O' FORDIN' TH' RIVER WHEN IT'S SWOLLEN FROM FRESHETS!
BUT WE GOT NO CHOICE, GRIEF! WE GOTTA DE-LIVER THOSE MONKEYS TO TH' STATE PEN!

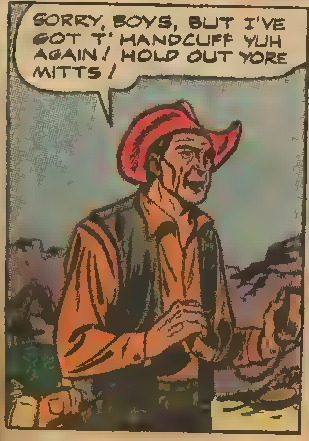
I'M GLAD GRIMES FELL FOR THE RAILROAD DETECTIVES TRICK! SERVES HIM RIGHT FOR DOUBLE-CROSSIN' US!
BUT THINK OF ALL THAT MONEY, DOBIE! IF ONLY WE COULD ESCAPE AN' GRAB IT FOR OURSELVES!


HEY, LOOK OUT, THERE'S A FLOATIN' LOG!
IT'S GOIN' T' RAM US! HOLD TIGHT!

HELP!

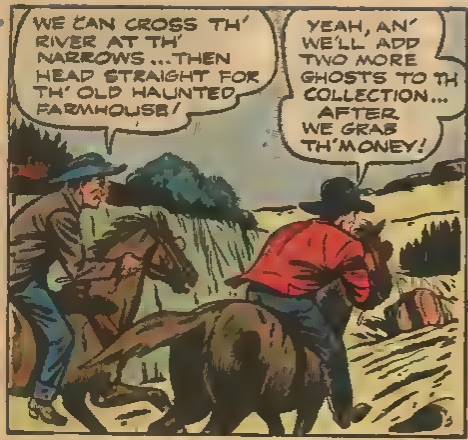

HELP! WE CAN'T SWIM WITH OUR HANDS BOUND!
QUICK ... UNLOCK MY CUFFS, TOO OR I'LL DROWN!

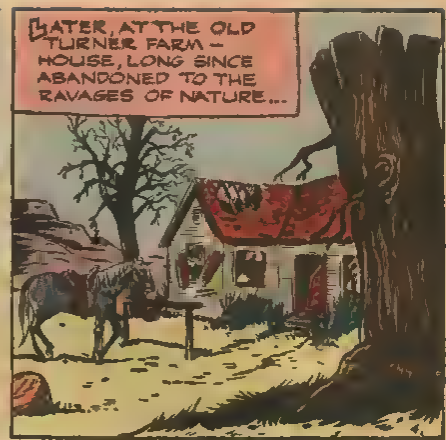

THE STAGE IS LOST, BUT WE CAN RIDE THE HORSES!


SORRY, BOYS, BUT I'VE GOT T' HANDCUFF YUH AGAIN! HOLD OUT YORE MITTS!

LIKE THIS?
HEY...!

OKAY, KNUCKLEHEADS, WE'RE TAKIN' OVER NOW!
AN' IF YOU FOLLOW US, YOU'LL CATCH UP WITH NOTHIN' BUT LEAD!

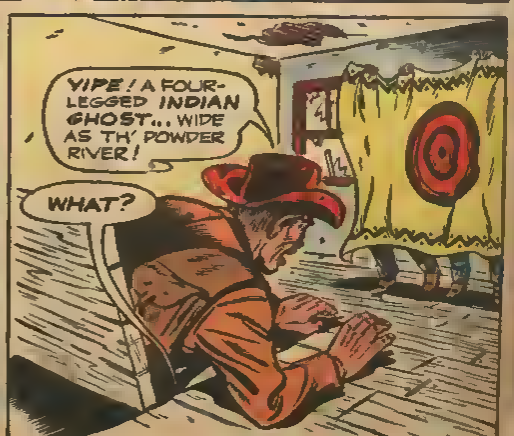

WE CAN CROSS TH' RIVER AT TH' NARROWS ... THEN HEAD STRAIGHT FOR TH' OLD HAUNTED FARMHOUSE!
YEAH, AN' WE'LL ADD TWO MORE GHOSTS TO TH COLLECTION... AFTER WE GRAB TH' MONEY!


LATER, AT THE OLD TURNER FARM — HOUSE, LONG SINCE ABANDONED TO THE RAVAGES OF NATURE...

KEEP DIGGIN'! REMEMBER, BOX, I'VE GOT BULLETS IN MY GUN THIS TIME!
AW, STOW THE GAB! IF YOU WANT IN ON TH' MONEY I STASHED IN THIS CELLAR, PUT YOUR IRON AWAY!

AH, HERE SHE IS, REX! THE WHOLE BLASTED PAYROLL FROM TH'... HEY, WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S NOT MICE, THAT'S FOR SURE!

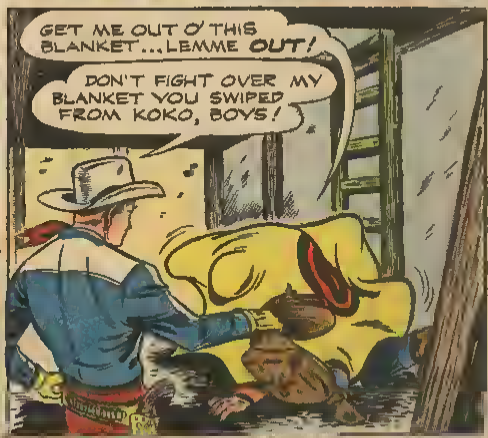
GEE, MAYBE IT'S GHOSTS! THIS PLACE IS S'POSED T' BE HAUNTED!
HOGWASH! THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS GHOSTS! GET MOVIN'!

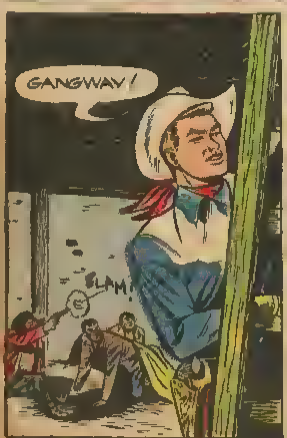

YIPE! A FOUR-LEGGED INDIAN GHOST... WIDE AS TH' POWDER RIVER!
WHAT?

HELP!
WE'VE GOT YUH, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' DIAMONDBACK!
WHERE'S TH' MONEY... WHERE'S THAT RAILROAD INVESTIGATOR?

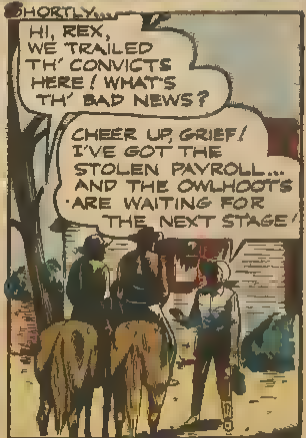
HEY, LEGGO, Y' MUTTONHEADS! IT'S ME YOUR OLD PAL, BOX! LEGGO MY... HUH? DID YOU SAY RAILROAD INVESTIGATOR?

THAT'S WHAT THE MAN SAID, BOX! I'M REX ALLEN... PRONOUNCED BACKWARDS TO YOU!
OUCH, M' LEG... LOOK OUT, WE'RE FALLIN'!

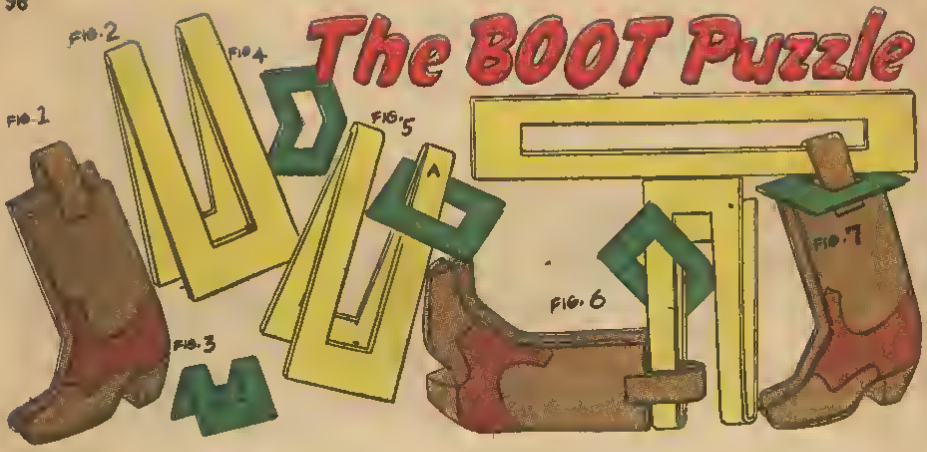

GET ME OUT O' THIS BLANKET... LEMME OUT!
DON'T FIGHT OVER MY BLANKET YOU SWIPED FROM KOKO, BOYS!


GANGWAY!
SLAM!

THAT'S IT, GENTS! YOU'RE ALL SEALED UP AND READY AGAIN FOR DELIVERY TO THE STATE PEN!


SHORTLY...
HI, REX, WE TRAILED TH' CONVICTS HERE! WHAT'S TH' BAD NEWS?
CHEER UP, GRIEF! I'VE GOT THE STOLEN PAYROLL... AND THE OWLHOOT'S ARE WAITING FOR THE NEXT STAGE!

# The BOOT Puzzle




Fool your friends with this Western puzzle which can be made easily from paper or thin cardboard.

First, fold over a piece of the paper or cardboard and cut out a pair of boots as shown in Fig. 1. Then fold another piece of paper and cut it in the form of Fig. 2 Next, fold a third and smaller piece, cutting it as pictured in Fig 3.

Open the small piece as in Fig. 4, and drop it over the long arm, A, as seen in Fig 5. Then hang the boots over the long arm, A, as in Fig. 6. Next, pull the small piece down over the end of the loop, A, and unfold the longer piece.

When you have finished, the boots will be fastened to the larger piece as illustrated in Fig. 7.

You can make this puzzle in any size you want. Try it now and see if your friends can discover how you did it.

## DICTIONARY OF WESTERN TERMS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

**Twisting down** . . . Twisting the neck of a steer while bulldogging until the steer falls upon his side.

**Two whoops and a holler** . . . Only a short distance.

**Underwears** . . . The name the cowman uses when he talks about sheep.

**Vigilantes** . . . Men who take the enforcement of law into their own hands when the law seems inadequate.

**Wicklup** . . . A primitive Indian hut made from the branches of trees loosely interwoven. This word is sometimes used by the cowboy to mean his own home.

**Wish-book** . . One of many expressions used when referring to a mail order catalog

**Xerga (Csay'ga)** . . The saddle cloth which is placed between the sheepskin and the pack saddle.

**Yannigan bag** . . . Used by the cowman for his personal belongings

**Zebra dun** . . A dun colored horse with dorsal stripes across his back and often zebra stripes on his legs

## ANSWERS TO BRANDS

1. Bar B. Que.
2. Double Diamond.
3. Lazy J.
4. Rocking H
5. Katie Barr.
6. Box X
7. Anchor T.
8. Swinging V
9. Z Bar Z.
10. Box A
11. Walking Y.
12. Circle W
13. Double S Wrench
14. J A T.
15. Double Circle
16. Swinging Diamond
17. Key.
18. Half Circle Dot
19. 7 Up Bar.
20. Rising Sun
21. My Heart
22. H Over T.
23. U Fly.
24. Bar Button Hook

**This cowpuncher has to stay on his bucking bronco** until the three minute signal blows. If he touches the saddle with his free hand for any reason, he is disqualified since he must ride the horse by sheer horsemanship and not by "grabbing leather."